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The New PUNCH Library

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

PRESENTING the cream of national humour contributed to "Punch" by our leading comic draughtsmen and humorous writers from the year 1900 to the present day

VOLUME I

MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE

00158677

From Punch Summer No., June 14, 1926

MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE

A REVUE OF THIRTY YEARS

With 209 Illustrations
& Frontispiece in Colours

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Presented by.-
Shri M. H. Latif.
Date 22/11/73

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THE NEW "PUNCH" LIBRARY

TWENTY VOLUMES

1. Mr. Punch's Cavalcade : A Revue of Thirty Years
2. Mr. Punch in Mayfair
3. Mr. Punch in the Family Circle
4. Mr. Punch After Dinner
5. Mr. Punch's Children's Hour
6. Mr. Punch and the Arts
7. Mr. Punch and the Services
8. Mr. Punch with Horse and Hound
9. Mr. Punch's Theatricals
10. Mr. Punch in Scotland
11. Mr. Punch Goes Motoring
12. Mr. Punch's Country Manners
13. Mr. Punch in Holiday Mood
14. Mr. Punch on the Links
15. Mr. Punch in London Town
16. Mr. Punch on His Travels
17. Mr. Punch and Toby's Friends
18. Mr. Punch's Sports and Pastimes
19. Round the Year with Mr. Punch
20. Mr. Punch in War Time

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19 JAN 1976

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK LIMITED EDINBURGH

AS "MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE" DIFFERS FROM THE OTHER nineteen volumes of the New Punch Library in various ways, the Editor indicates some of the points of difference. This especially since it is the first volume of the Library and might be thought to set a standard which the others failed to maintain or from which they entirely departed.

Let it be said at once then that CAVALCADE is meant to be unique in the series. The comic spirit informs it in common with the rest, but the method is somewhat different and the theme entirely so. Here Mr. Punch is concerned mainly with the graver things of life: the governance of nations, vital episodes of modern history, the passing of the great ones of the earth.

Perhaps no other nation in the world has at any time enjoyed such an institution as *Punch*, which for nearly a century has been incomparably the best "abstract and brief chronicle of the time." Contemporary events are reflected in its pages, if not with the true perspective of history, at least with something not less valuable—the honest reactions of the nation's most privileged jester. For Mr. Punch performs to the British nation much the same function as the king's jester of old to his sovereign lord—he tells it many a salutary truth about itself in the acceptable form of quip or whimsy.

IN christening this volume the Editor was inspired from a very obvious source, but it may be wise to say that he intends no more by the use of the word Cavalcade than to convey the idea of a procession of events. And surely no three decades of the world's history have been richer in great events than those that began with the year 1900. It seemed good to him, therefore, to search Mr. Punch's pages year by year through that period for the most noteworthy comment and chronicle, literary or pictorial, of those events, and by presenting the results of his research in some show of order—but not too precisely—to convey to the reader of today an impression of those decades much more vivid than any historian's description would be, and far more entertaining. Whether he was well advised in this, judge ye! For the procession is about to begin.

MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE is really a slice of history, plentifully buttered and jammed with wit and humour, and as such it possesses a value to which none of the other volumes pretends—unless perhaps "Mr. Punch in War Time," for which reason the war period is treated here rather more lightly than it would otherwise have been. But none of the other volumes of our Library is really in the least concerned about historical events: they introduce us to delectable realms of fun and fancy where Mr. Punch reigns as master of the revels.

The artists and authors whose work is represented in CAVALCADE are few by comparison with the galaxy of talented Punchmen responsible for the

contents of the other nineteen volumes of the Library. That is because we derive our illustrations chiefly from Mr. Punch's cartoon pages, and these for generations have been contributed by two artists whose great honour it has been to be privileged to serve Mr. Punch in that high capacity.

SIR John Tenniel was nearing the end of his long reign as Mr. Punch's chief cartoonist when CAVALCADE begins, and Linley Sambourne, who had long contributed " cartoon junior," as the second cartoon is called, succeeded him in 1901, but was himself fated to lay down his pencil all too soon thereafter in 1910, when Sir Bernard Partridge, who joined the *Punch* staff in 1891, became chief cartoonist and has continued ever since to maintain at its very highest the *Punch* tradition of spirited draughtsmanship and inventive fancy in the production of the weekly cartoon. That cartoon is really the finest commentary on public affairs that appears in the entire range of the British press. Mr. Frank Reynolds and Mr. Raven-Hill are also represented in our selections with some of their most effective cartoons.

FROM the nature of CAVALCADE, Sir Owen Seaman was bound to be on the literary side its chief contributor. He was Editor of *Punch* from 1906 to 1932, having first joined its staff in 1897, and was throughout all that long period the most distinguished of its poetical contributors. In its urbanity and classic smoothness, his verse was peculiarly suitable to the dignity of the themes he had so often to write upon, and the vigour of his style is seen in the freshness with which his poetical commentary on events of a past day still reads.

Contrary to our method in all the other volumes of the Library, the letterpress reproduced from *Punch* in CAVALCADE has been threaded together with a certain amount of editorial comment which seemed necessary to the true understanding of its topical allusions, and which, by the way, is printed in heavier type to distinguish it from Mr. Punch's own letterpress. Similarly, the illustrations have been grouped, arranged in certain series, and annotated, which gives greater point to them when looked at in the light of these later days.

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IT might easily be argued that no generation in the history of Europe saw changes so vast, so numerous and so far-reaching as the first thirty years of the Twentieth Century.

When that century began, motor transport was still regarded as something of a joke : it had not yet emerged from the experimental stage. Flying was considered impossible. Wireless had scarcely been heard of, outside a small knot of scientific men. All the systems of government in Europe seemed to be stable and secure. The Gold Standard was apparently as much part of the appointed order of things as the law of gravitation. Democracy was lauded as a signal benefit to those countries which had it and as the eventual heritage of those which had not. It was as rash to decry Free Trade in Britain as to question the authority of the Bible. To urge that war might be abolished and that nations might settle their disputes without fighting as their last resort was laughed at as idealism (which on English lips so often means well-intentioned folly).

If any prophet had foretold in 1900 that road traffic would in thirty years be almost entirely mechanical, that regular aeroplane services would be running, that a conference would be discussing Disarmament, that a League of Nations would be ten years old, that the three Empires of the Continent would have disappeared, that Democracy would be denounced as unworkable, and that plenteous production would be making mankind, not more prosperous, but poorer, that prophet would

have been sneered at as a crank. If he had ventured to predict the miracles of broadcasting, people would have tapped their foreheads and murmured to each other "Poor fellow, quite mad!"

A survey of the changes and chances of those thirty years is, therefore, one of very special interest. Events followed one another so swiftly. Institutions that seemed to be immovable crumbled and collapsed. Habits that had been ingrained for long periods were abandoned. Loyalties shifted, beliefs waned, new ideas ousted old ones. At the close of the Nineteenth Century English life, with which *Punch* is in the main concerned, was in essentials little different from what it had been in 1870—or even 1840. Society was pretty much as Thackeray drew it. The public schools had changed little since "Tom Brown." Army and Navy traditions remained unaffected by quick-firing rifles, long-range guns and ironclads, as they were called still. The old political parties played the old political game. With a rapidity that is startling, when one looks back, all this began simultaneously to change. By the end of the first thirty years of the Twentieth it had been so much altered as to be scarcely recognisable. It is the process of that alteration from year to year that MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE displays.

Filled with entertainment as this volume is, witty as the comments on events and tendencies often are, amusing as it is to turn the pages as a pastime, it has a value far beyond this. It teaches history in a very pleasant way; it mingles all the strands of national life as no historical work has ever done. It provides what no book can yet offer—a prospect of the history of our own times brought down to the present year.

If we rely on the regular teaching of history, it is harder to become acquainted with the happenings of King George the Fifth's reign than with those of King Harry the Fifth's. The regular historians get to work slowly. To them nothing is history that did not happen a very long time ago. In this volume we get history hot from the press, as it were. With this advantage also—that we see how episodes and developments struck that important part of the nation which *Punch* represents at the moment of their occurrence. In many instances the first impression has been replaced by a judgment more mature.

MR. PUNCH'S CAVALCADE will give those who are too young to remember the Great War an intimate idea of its leading personalities and of the life that it imposed both on the troops in the trenches and on the folks who stayed at home. It will show them Balfour and Chamberlain, King Edward and the young German Kaiser, Redmond who once led the Irish Party, and Campbell-Bannerman who once revived the Liberals from what seemed like death, in their habits as they lived. All the follies and fads of the years are passed in review. Changes in daily life receive attention equally with great events. CAVALCADE is, in short, both an entertainment and an education. Its value to the future will be inestimable. If only such volumes existed to throw light on past ages, we should know far more about them than we do.

The year 1900 found Britain at war, and hopeful of peace at an early date. As the months went by, that hope faded. The Boers in South Africa were capable of a longer and stronger resistance than had been looked for. For a while it seemed as if the process of defeating them in regular warfare might break their spirit of defence. The relief of Mafeking, where Baden-Powell had kept the flag flying for many months in spite of vigorous efforts by the besiegers, was the signal for an outburst of popular rejoicing which Mr. Punch felt is necessary to explain in these lines :

To England

IN MEMORY OF MAFEKING

Relieved May 17, 1900

LAND of the silent voice and hidden heart !
Whose boast has ever been to steel the nerve,
And hold in high reserve
The loud extremes of passionate joy and grief—
Think it not shame if for a little space,
Now when the long-drawn strain has found relief,
By summer-haunted tilth and teeming mart
You let your pride go free :
If now, this once, for all the world to see,
You wear a fearless rapture on your face.

Not that the lust of slaughter makes us mad ;
Not that we laugh above a broken foe
Brave as our bravest, men that died
Forlornly faithful to a cause
Mis-named of Freedom ; true to that false guide
Who used their strength to serve unequal laws
Framed for a bar to Liberty—ah, no !
Not that the might of these has fallen low
We let our hearts be glad.

But just because a little gallant band,
Eight thousand miles away and very lone,
With hunger hollowing the fevered cheek,
And parching thirst to grip the throat,
Against the leaguer's odds have shown
How the old force of England's fighting breed
Lives in her sons at need,
Made soldiers by the fierce baptising flame ;
Because for love of Queen and land,
Because for honour's sake they played the game,
Stood to their task from week to lingering week,
And kept the flag afloat.

Yet when the first wild joy has had its way,
Such joy as not in all the years
Since Campbell's rescue rang through Lucknow-walls
Has made the sudden pulse of England leap—
Nay, but a joy more full and wider yet,
Because the countless echo of it calls
Out of far sister-lands from deep to deep,
Where other myriad voices claim
By right of peril shared to have their part
In every shock of joy or shame
That moves the Mother-heart—
Yet when the first wild flood has had its way,
And quiet time is ours to count the debt,
The stiller air will stir with sorrow's breath,
So close behind the triumph come the tears,
Our poor and only tribute left to spend
On those who missed to see their labour's end,
Who gladly went to death
That we might be so light of heart to-day.

Later the "mafficking" of that May night was recalled with pleasure :

Time has flown, but not forgotten is the tale of Mafeking.
Who that lived that day in London could forget its echoing ring ?

How the Town broke into bunting, Piccadilly to Mile End !

How each man for joy saluted every other man as friend !

How we crowded to the city in an orgy of delight
Tumbled out of bed for gladness, waving Union Jacks all night !

The news came in the evening; within a few minutes the streets began to fill. All night there was uproar. Upon Mafeking the attention of Britain had been mainly fixed. "B.-P." became then the popular hero which he has remained ever since, thanks to his invention and organisation of Boy Scouts. Mr. Punch thus expressed the national feeling towards him during the siege :

HERE'S *to* you, B.-P.,
Three times three, oversea,
We toast you and hail you !
Though Boers may assail you,
They've not got you *yet*, undefeated B.-P. !

Thick-witted Cronjé
Feared your quick repartee,
Found his plans were disjointed
By humour too pointed,
And trekked to the South from gay, gallant B. P.

THE SINKING SHIP

President Kruger left the Transvaal in the Autumn of 1900 to seek help in Europe.

OUT IN THE COLD

DAME EUROPA (*to the Waits, Ex-President Kruger and Dr. Leyds*). "Go away! Go away! I've got nothing for you."

But neither he nor his state secretary, Dr. Leyds, could induce Europe to give any.

We in England agree
You deserve a V.C.,
For, with you for a starter,
The foe's caught a tartar—
In a tight place the right man's undaunted B.-P.

Forty million are we
Of the other " B. P.,"
And we all were more happy
If news were less scrappy
Of you and your doings, beleaguered B.-P. !

Let us hear when you're free,
And *relieved* shall *we* be !
Send a line when you're flitting
(*Engagements* permitting),
That is, R.S.V.P., R.S.S.B.-P. !

The wild excitement over the relief of Mafeking (which gave currency for a time to the verb " to maffick," meaning to display exuberant enthusiasm) indicated a belief that the war was nearly over, but it was to be dragged on for another two years by the Boers' skilful methods of irregular warfare. Soon there began to be irritation, not so much with the Boer leaders as with the management of the British forces. The impression gained ground that something like this (from " Punch " of January 3, 1900) went on :

The Polite Letter-Writer

(For the use of Commanding Officers at the front. Framed after the latest pattern)

I

From General A., investing town of X., to General B., in command of defending force

MY DEAR B.,—What delightful weather this is, to be sure ! I hardly ever remember to have seen the crops looking better at this time of year. You and your men are in the best of health, I trust ? Possibly the mosquitoes may be troubling you ; in this case I would recommend the application of a little ammonia. As your game-larder may be not particularly full just now, I am sending you five brace of ostriches ; please accept them with my warmest compliments, and believe me, most sincerely yours, A.

P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that some of my fellows mean to drop a few shells in your direction about 5 P.M. to-day. Would that hour suit you ? I do hope the noise will not disturb you, but you will understand that I am bound to give my men a little occupation now and then.

(*Reply*)

MY DEAR A.,—Our best thanks for the ostriches, safely to hand. Thanks also for your kind enquiries ; all of us are in the best of health. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to put the shelling an hour earlier ? The

fact is, that five o'clock is our tea-time, so that we might miss seeing your performance, which would be a real pity. There's nothing we enjoy so much as to watch your guns ploughing up the earth half-a-mile or more away—it's as good as a play, and simply convulses us all with laughter. So do begin a bit earlier, and oblige yours very sincerely, B.

P.S.—Some of my chaps complain that they're getting a bit bored here. So, just to humour them, we shall make a little sortie to-night, if you've no objection. Unless I hear from you before then, you may expect us about ten o'clock.

II

From General A. to General B.

DEAR SIR,—As you are aware, I have carried on this siege with the utmost regard to etiquette, and so far my courtesy has been reciprocated. The fact increases my regret at the grave breach of this principle which was committed by your force in last night's attack. In a word, Sir, some of the ruffians under your command actually *employed the bayonet*, with the result that no less than five of my men were severely injured! I cling to the belief that this outrage was committed without your cognisance; but none the less you must be held in some degree responsible. My Government, at my request, is telegraphing a formal complaint to each of the European Powers. And I must insist on a full and immediate apology from yourself.

Yours faithfully, A.

P.S.—It would simplify matters if you would surrender at once.

(*Reply*)

SIR,—If your fellows choose to get in front of my men's bayonets, they must take the consequences. Yours truly, B.

P.S.—Why don't you all run away at once? You'll have to, sooner or later.

III

General A. begs to inform General B. that, in spite of his protest, another outrage was committed yesterday by General B.'s force. A shell was fired by them which actually *burst*. None of the ammunition employed by General A. behaves in this way. The time for apologies is past, and General A. must now insist on a prompt and unconditional surrender.

(*Reply*)

Go to blazes.

(At this point the correspondence terminates)

(*January 3, 1900*)

Annoyance at trifling inconveniences, rightly or wrongly attributed to the War, made public opinion touchy :

"Owing to the War"

IN consequence of the military manœuvres in South Africa, strawberries are twopence a pound dearer than they have been for twenty years. The price of charwomen has risen threepence a day. The blind beggars of Regent Street have refused to accept coppers. English lamb has been sold as New Zealand mutton. Ladies of the chorus have demanded two shillings a week extra money for postage expenses. The coalowners have resolved to make their wares dearer than ever. The Marquis of Londonderry has become Postmaster-General. A general rise in railway rates is anticipated. Patriotic songsters are at a premium. The London County Council proposes running Tramcars to Hampstead Heath. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition are being provided with all the obsolete coinage of the past century.

There was no glory to be won by going on, yet there could be no stopping. Guerilla bands of Boers had been broken up. The help they expected Europe to lend had been withheld. France and Holland gave them fair words. Germany would have nothing to do with Mr. Kruger, who had been President of the Transvaal, and his State Secretary, who travelled about seeking aid. Yet somehow the Boers managed to carry on. Many people asked "Will they ever give in?" and appreciated Mr. Punch's forecast (in his issue of November 28, 1900) of a newspaper leading article in 1930, a whole generation ahead :

Extract from leading article in the "Morning Views" of November 28, 1930

"TO-DAY we have again to chronicle one of those vexatious incidents which have been far too common in South Africa. A detachment of two hundred men was surrounded at Siegerkranz, a place we have failed to identify on the map, and after a gallant resistance was compelled to surrender to the Boers under the command of the aged but still ubiquitous De Wet. Of course, in wars waged under modern conditions against such an enemy as the Boers, such incidents may be looked for from time to time, but their frequency during the prolonged course of this contest is by no means reassuring. Far be it from us to say anything that may be construed as casting a doubt on the superb strategic and tactical ability of Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener. His exploits in re-capturing Bloemfontein and Pretoria last year speak for themselves, and pronounce him to be one of the greatest generals of this or any age. We may be permitted, however, to express a doubt as to the policy that has inspired some of his recent proclamations. War is a stern business, whatever our arm-chair sentimentalists may say. Leniency may be all very

HAIL, KITCHENER! VICTOR AND PEACEMAKER!

(July 9, 1902)

well in its way, but it is absolutely wasted on a treacherous and crafty race like the Boers, who mistake magnanimity for weakness and see in pity only a sign of fatigue. Merciless severity judiciously applied is in the long run the truest mercy. The Boers are rebels, and any of them caught with arms in their hands should be shot at sight. It is idle to say that this method has been tried and has failed. Such failure as occurred was due rather to the premature abandonment of the method than to any other cause. At any rate, the time has come when it should be tried again. We make light of the suggestion that the Boers might retaliate by shooting the prisoners they have taken. Whatever their faults may be, the Boers have fought according to the rules of civilised warfare, and it is a gratuitous insult to impute to them, as our Little Englanders do, a design to commit cold-blooded murder—for that is what it would come to—in revenge for justifiable punishment inflicted on rebels. In other parts of the theatre of war matters are progressing favourably. General Hunter reports the capture of five prisoners and a hundred sheep, while General Baden-Powell has once more evaded General Delarey. In both these performances the Imperial Yeomanry bore a distinguished part. It is a pity that these fine soldiers cannot as yet be spared to come home and resume avocations which have been interrupted for more than thirty years. Their welcome, when they do return, will be all the more enthusiastic.

There was a bitter note in that, as there was also in the satire on Pacifism, which now began to be heard of:

Some Reasons Why

We should not have an Army.

BECAUSE M. Bloch has declared that War is now Impossible.

Because our Fleet is Invincible, Ubiquitous, Unsinkable, Unrammable, Unwreckable, Inexhaustible, dates from the Time of King Alfred, can be Mobilised in Two Minutes, and can Steam up the Steepest Watershed.

Because it might provoke Foreign Nations to be a little less Friendly than they are at present.

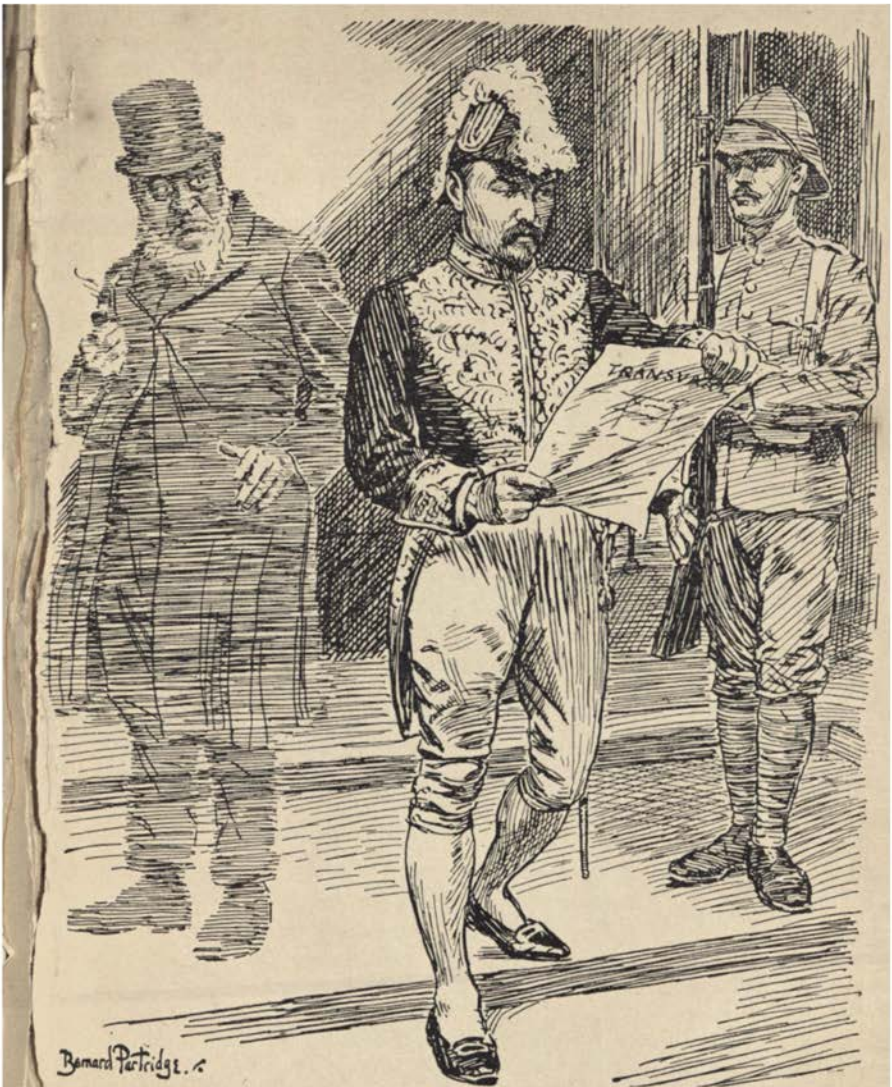
Because a Lot of Old Ladies are dreadfully afraid of anything approaching to Conscription or even the Ballot Act.

Because Conscription is so un-English, and Britons never will be Slaves and have nothing to learn about the Art of War from the Continent.

Because every Boer can ride and handle a Gun, and Englishmen should therefore retire from an Undignified Competition in such matters.

Because in Future the Guns will Go Off of Themselves.

Because England has hitherto been so Successful in the way of Arbitration



HISTORY DEFEATS ITSELF

SHADE OF PAUL KRÜGER. "What! Botha *Premier*? Well, these English *do* 'stagger Humanity'!" (*March 6, 1907*)

In 1907 South Africa was, in effect, given back to the Dutch.

"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST"

(October 10, 1900)

Scene: The Transvaal

R.H.A. DRIVER (*on Gun Team*). "Them Boers takes a bit of catchin'!"
SERGEANT. "Catchin'! Blowed if we ain't like a Traction Ingin' tryin' to catch Rats!"

—witness the Alabama Claim and the Delagoa Bay Award.

Because We are Always in the Wrong, and should not be Tempted to uphold our Unjust Claims. Even now we are being very Rude to the Boers.

At the same time, the War Office came in for criticism such as follows:

Plans for the Perfect Defence of London

(Under consideration at the War Office)

THE guard in charge of the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park to be reinforced to the extent of a couple of sentries and an additional police constable.

The cannon in St. James's Park to be replaced by ordnance of a less obsolete fashion.

The Beefeaters at the Tower to be strengthened by the companionship of a detachment drawn from the garrison of Chelsea Hospital.

An additional padlock to be put upon the door of the armoury of the Inns of Court Volunteers.

The fleet of the Penny Thames Steamboats to receive a coat of paint to fit them for active service.

e trees on Primrose Hill to be cut down with a view to depriving a e invader of cover.
e ducks on the ornamental water in the parks to be increased by five
captive balloon to be permanently tethered over the site of Earl's t.
he glass of the Crystal Palace to be protected by a coating of tin from fire.
ll the military statues to be washed and put in good order.
nd finally, the equestrian sentry boxes at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, painted with the national colours, surmounted by the Union Jack, and ibed with the words, " England expects every man to do his duty."

our readiness to supply warlike material to other nations there seemed to some people a danger that we might leave ourselves insufficiently defended :

Not Impossible

(Voices that may be heard through the wires some day.)

IRST VOICE. Have you receive l the ironclads ?
SECOND VOICE. Yes ; England has sent all the stock she had in hand.
THIRD VOICE. Have all the guns been delivered ?
FOURTH VOICE. Yes, there's not another in Great Britain.
FIFTH VOICE. Has the ammunition reached you ?
SIXTH VOICE. To the last cartridge. There is not another shell to be nd between Skye and Plymouth.
FIRST VOICE. Then, my dear colleagues, having arranged our secret ty, all we have to declare is war against——
THER VOICES (*joining in chorus*). England ! War against England !
(*Enthusiastic cheering.*) (*1900*)

here was a tendency, too, to satirize the many whose interest in sport made them in- ent to everything else. Kipling was pouring scorn on " the flannelled fools at the wicket, muddied oafs at the goal." " Punch " chimed in with

The Cricket Crank

ELL me not of Boxer's fables,
Of the Empress—do not speak.
marise the Chinese cables
y, once every other week.
Meanwhile let me, please, peruse
Every scrap of cricket news.

es the Boer War still continue ?
Are De Wet and Botha free ?
" Bobs " straining every sinew ?—
Oh ! that doesn't interest me.
But minutely tell me o'er
Every first-class cricket score.

Read me not the turgid speeches
Of the eloquent M.P.
Doubtless he some moral teaches,
But he only wearies me.
Tell me then, again, how Storer
Made his twenty-second fourer.

Crowd the Hospital Enquiry,
And the leaders dull and solemn,
Court News, and My Social Diary
Into less than half a column.
But with every detail tell
How the Surrey wickets fell.

Is the Empire's glory waning
Is our downfall drawing nea
Are our Volunteers complainin
I have not the least idea !
But I 'm pretty certain that
Ranji is a clinking bat.

(*I*

The reference in the first stanza of the above verses to "Boxer's fables" recalls the exp sent to China by the principal European governments to take vengeance for the outrag insults offered to Europeans in China by the Boxer " rebels," as they were called, thou were said to be secretly in league with the authorities. News of a trustworthy charact very difficult to get.

A Pack of Li's

SCAN the papers every day,
Search and puzzle as you may,
O'er the Boxer Movement poring,
Reading rumours of the warring,
Massacres and plots infernal
Chronicled in every journal ;
Yet to-morrow you will see
All will contradicted be,
And the why it seems to me
Is not difficult to see.

For the Chinese nation's made of
People who are not afraid of
Owning they have long ceased trying
To refrain from wholesale lying :
And enunciate the same
By adding Li unto their name.

So with Yung Li's, Old Li's *ad lib.*
Li's of Hung Chang (Chinese for fib
Li's of every rank and station
Perfect in prevarication.
Life to them is not a riddle
But a thumping tarradiddle.
But the Powers eight uniting
Now against the Chinese fighting
Mean to touch the Boxer host
Where they think he'll feel it most
So, as Truth they do despise
We must fight them by Allies.

All-Lies at Pekin

(From our Special Correspondent " very much " on the spot.)

FIGHTING has almost ceased. Many Boxers have de-ceased. Gen Fan-Tum's troops have mysteriously disappeared from the neighbourh of Pekin, but Prince Long-Tung continues to threaten all foreigners.

To-day, the troops said their farewell to the Ta-Ta city, after marcl round all the principal Imperial pints—points, I mean.

The Emperor and " Auntie " are again dead—this time, it is said, q fatally, through attempting to read the latest productions of some of Engla minor poets.

General Li-Ah has assured the British commander that he can now sa withdraw his troops, and to this, the English general has replied in the Chin vernacular Wal-Kah.

It appears that when Pekin was taken, some misunderstanding occurr between the generals of the Allied Forces. It had been arranged that t

and German troops should rendezvous at Wai-Ting, and then advance Eastern gate of the city, but when the British arrived outside the walls, ound the Germans there before them, and already in possession. The s of the Fatherland received them, standing at attention, each man with t eye closed. The British retired, rather annoyed at being thus anticipated. hen the Western gate was to be stormed, it was agreed that the British, ese and Russian forces should advance together, to make a night attack. e darkness, however, the different contingents became separated, and our troops arriving at the gate as day broke, they found the Russians tolen a march upon them, and were already drawn up to receive them in le order, headed by General Orfulkorf, each soldier saluting in true Russ

"RUBBING IT IN!" (*July 4, 1900*)

JAPAN (*addressing the Powers*). "Delighted to join you, Gentlemen; but permit me to remark that if some of you hadn't interfered when *I* had him down, it would have saved all this trouble!"

In the Summer of 1900 it was decided to send an international army, commanded by the erman general, Count Waldersee, to punish the Chinese for the Boxer outrages on Europeans. pan had defeated China some years before, but had not been allowed to drive her victory me.

GERMAN EMPEROR (*to Field-Marshal Graf von Waldersee*). "You are appointed to command the United Forces of Civilisation! You are a German! Remember your Kaiser! ! And *DO try to be There before It's all over! ! !*"

(*August 22, 1900*)

HINESE EMPEROR. "I will make the Expiation that Heaven demands!"
ERMAN EMPEROR. "*And*—you will *also* make the *Reparation* that *I* demand!"
(*October 10, 1900*)

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW! LI HUNG CHANG (*at the open door*). "Well, ,entlemen, if you *must* be going—my Master will be *so* sorry to have missed you—you have *all* got your I.O.U.'s!" (*August 7, 1901*)

fashion, with his thumb placed firmly on his most prominent Slav fe
and the fingers well stretched out.

There has been some sickness amongst the troops—especially wit
British—during these operations : but whilst the Germans and Russians
now got right, the English appear to have mostly " got left." *(Sept. 19,*

**The popularity of ping-pong was very great in 1901 when this cartoon appeared, illus
the negotiations which led to a settlement of the Chinese difficulty :**

"PING PONG"

Or, "A game that he *does* understand." *(April 24, 1*

**Just as the South African War was ending the man who had been one of the chief
of it, Cecil Rhodes, died at the early age of 49. He had been taking part in overtures for pe
Though Mr. Punch had been rather severe on him for his share in the responsibility for
Jameson Raid which made war appear inevitable, his final verdict was that he had bee
great patriot :**

IN MEMORIAM

Cecil John Rhodes

Born 1853. Died March 26, 1902.

LO, while the dawn of every heart's desires,
Herald of Peace, comes up the sombre sky,
Paling the night's wide ring of smouldering fires—
He was ordained to die !

His work was Peace, though such sho
needs be wrought
Only of hideous War's inforn
breath ;
And now another Peace than that
sought
Is his by grace of Death.

"THE ROUGH RIDER"

With Mr. Punch's best wishes to President Roosevelt.

(September 25, 1901)

Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency of the United States in September 1901 the assassination of McKinley. He had raised and commanded a troop of Rough Riders e Cuban War.

"Requiescat!"

The Passing of Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901

ent is stayed ; so large he seems
to loom
the moment's too immediate
ight ;
rs that lie within the future's
omb
Shall weigh his worth aright.

uch we know, that through the
shifting scenes,
nph or ill-report, his end the same,
ove to compass, by whatever
means,
The patriot's single aim.

uch were granted by his dearest
foe—
hoarded wealth for him possessed
no lure,
kept from lust of self and worldly
show
His private honour pure.

was the great heart hid in homely
guise,
His the imaginative force that reads
The fate of nations clear as other eyes
Foretell to-morrow's needs.

He played with half a continent for stake
Unmoved alike by present praise or
scorn,
Scheming his sanguine projects for the
sake
Of peoples yet unborn.

To stretch the bounds of Empire broader
still,
To make at last two kindred peoples
one—
Such was the labour which, for good or ill,
Dying he left undone.

Time may complete or mar the work he
planned ;
Himself, beyond the care of earthly
fame—
The mountains guard him sleeping in the
land
To which he gave his name.

O. S.

The death of Queen Victoria and the accession of King Edward VII. filled the early part 901 with pageantry of mourning and majesty. Was it by chance or design that very soon rwards "Punch" published a cartoon showing the triumph of Bridge over Whist? The King was known to be devoted to the new game, which speedily supplanted the older staider one among people making any pretence to be fashionable, but whist lingered and lingers among those of "low degree." When the Duke and Duchess of York went to tralia, the Duke being now heir to the Throne, these verses appeared in honour of British rs and the royal lady their patron :

Victoria Mary—Princess of the Seas

On crossing the line H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York was admitted ughter of Neptune and accepted the letters patent of Grand Dame and Liege of the Order belonging to the Men of the Sea.]

AUGHTER of Sea Kings !—your
line running down to them,
llant and sturdy, the Vikings of old ;
men who fought with us, adding a
crown to them,
aunching their galleys for glory and
gold :—
Wife of a Sailor !—a man who is one of us,
Made by the Navy, its smooth and its
rough,
Pleasures and labours ;—be sure there
are none of us
Wish he were made of a daintier
stuff !—

Mother of Princes!—and we have a plea
for them;
Lend us your children, we'll give them
back men!
Born to the blue, there's no trade but
the sea for them,
Wonders and wisdom 'twill bring to
their ken:—

Princess of Britons! we heard how they
bore for you,
Gifts that were royal and gauds that
were rare;
We have no jewels, no riches in store for
you,
Only of homage we proffer our share.

Queens of your race, in the tale of its
history,
Marshalled their armies and mustered
their ships,
None of them learned of the sea and its
mystery,
Seen of the eyes and not heard from
the lips.

Came there the call of our kindred, the
brotherhood
Dwelling afar, but in loyalty near;—
"We would be one, O our Queen, in thy
motherhood,
Send us thy dearest, we hold them as
dear!"

Then by the way of the wonderful waters,
Won by our fathers who fought on the
foam,
Fared you to hearten our sons a
daughters,
Folk who are fain at the tho
their home.

So, as you saw, in the days
wandering,
Nations of landsmen as loyal a
Haply there rose, in the time
pondering,
Thoughts of the sailors whose l
the sea.

Royalty spared you no whit
dreariness,
Wanting the touch of our litt
hand;
Daytime and darkness of watchi
weariness,
Waiting for wives who are wait
land.

Aye, and we knew it, and so did
win of us
Titles confirmed by a royal decree,
Neptune himself he has hailed yo
kin of us,—
"Princess and Lady of Men of
Sea!"

Take then, O Princess, the tribute
bring to you,
Simple and homely, as simple
part;
Hear then, O Lady, the song that
sing to you,
Songs must ring true when they
from the heart!

(*Oct. 16, 190*

The early years of the century saw the tube railways of London establishing themselv high favour as very valuable additions to the convenience of getting about. At the time they were made fun of, because they were a novelty:

The Sardine-Box Railway

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As your columns are, I know, always open to sto of thrilling adventures by land or sea, I venture to send you a sh account of a journey which I made on Tuesday last by the Sardine-Box R way, running from the Monument in the City to the hamlet of Stockw

THE MAGIC CARPET

[Wishing "God-speed" to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who are starting for Australia, Saturday, March 16, 1901.]

On his return from this tour the Duke was created Prince of Wales and made his famous "ake up, England" speech at the Guildhall, London.

THEIR MAJESTIES

The King, accompanied by the Queen, opens Parliament, Thursday, February

(*February 13, 190*

By the way, fancy "running from the Monument!" as if that "tall bul could run after anybody or anything! But to continue. On arrival at station, in company with several hundreds of *voyageurs*, we were m requested to hand over twopence apiece to an official, who had no fu trouble but to pass us, like lambs, through a turnstile.

After some fine healthy scrimmages, which showed that many o voyagers had not forgotten the old Rugby tactics of the Richmond Blackheath football grounds, we managed in driblets to reach an iron which descended rapidly and deposited us alongside a platform, the inside the cage, closed by gates, which by a skilful manœuvre on the pa those in authority were opened on both sides of the station just as an unl train entered the station. Then after a cheerful hand-to-hand struggl strongest or perhaps the craftiest of the combatants managed to ente sardine-boxes.

Directly we started the electric lights, which are supposed to illumine sardine-boxes, dimmed to an opalescent red, the boxes themselves swa

(*Continued in p. 3*

Discarded

FASHION (*to "Mr. Bridge"*). "Come along, partner! That dear old Mister Whist such a bore! He is so *vieux jeu*!"

(*April 17, 1901*)

NOTICE TO QUIT

THE FAIRY ELECTRA (*to Steam Locomotive Underground Demon*). "Now they've Seen *Me*, I fancy *your* Days are numbered."

[Central London Electric Railway opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Wednesday, June 27, 1900.]

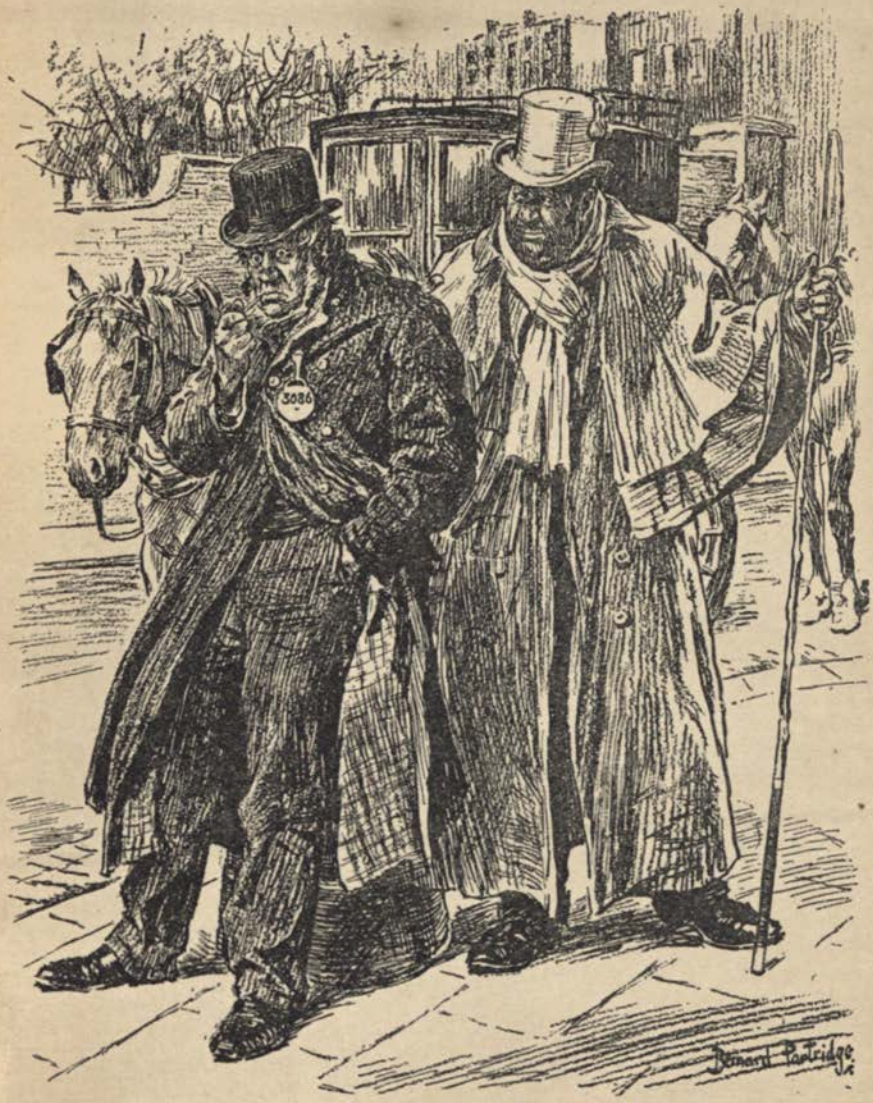
THE LAST FURROW

Lord Salisbury's resignation as leader of the Conservative Party announced, Monday, July 14, 1902.

CABBY. "I 'ad a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like, I got it cut off."

BUSSY. "An' I 'ad a face like yours once, an' when I found I *couldn't* get it cut off, I grew a beard." *(December 27, 1905)*

In the opposite and four following pages we have grouped some characteristic scenes that illustrate what we may call the changing road.



SMALL PROFITS, QUICK RETURNS

LONDON CABBY. "Wot with these 'ere Motor Buses an' Tubes an' all, blowed if I know wot the Keb business is a comin' to!"
FRENCH COCHER. "Do as I've done, *mon vieux*. Try cheap fares and *Taximètres*."
(*March 21, 1906*)

from side to side like colliers in a chopping sea (personally I am very fond of a choppy sea), and very speedily I arrived, just as if I had awoke from a strange dream, at Stockwell.

The Sardine-Box Company advertises its line as the "warmest" in London. I can cordially endorse this statement. Trusting that the adventurous spirit of other explorers will be encouraged by my experiences,

I am, your obedient servant, PEREGRINE PINCHER

Angel Court, E.C.

Signs of the times were these paragraphs :

The South-Eastern Railway, it is stated, has lost 2,250,000 passengers during the past half-year. We think, however, it is unduly pessimistic to look upon them as all lost merely because they have not turned up yet.

A huge motor race-course will shortly be opened at Weybridge, and the racing motorist will at last have a chance to "let himself go." Weybridge is within easy distance of the Brookwood Necropolis.

(*June 5, 1907*)

The trials of model aeroplanes at the Alexandra Palace last week proved beyond a doubt that aeroplanes will be so dangerous that many people will fly on merely catching sight of one.

(*April 24, 1907*)

The day of the combination motor-cycle was still ahead, but there was a passing craze for attaching chairs on wheels to motor and push bicycles as celebrated in the

Song of the Trailer

[The cult of the "trailer" has become very popular of late. Young men on motor bicycles may be seen whirling maidens along behind them in wicker chairs. Conversation under these circumstances must be a matter of difficulty, but romance seems to survive even the roughest of roads.]

MY Algernon is loving,
My Algernon is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
He is my lord and hero,
In him I fondly trust,
And let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust.

On Saturdays and Sundays,
When he has time to spare,
He whirls me over hill and dale
To breathe the country air.
Of course I never tell him
(It might result in tiffs)
The smell of petrol's rather strong,
And comes to me in whiffs.

And if the road be bumpy,
Why should I mind a bit ?
The course of true love seldom runs
Quite smoothly, you'll admit.
I wouldn't worry Algy,
For he's so very good,
But how I wish the country lanes
Could all be paved with wood !

Our loving conversation
Is limited, I fear,
For if I talk to Algernon
He might forget to steer.
Although a lot of matters
I'm longing to discuss,
I do not want to be upset
Beneath a tram or bus.

WELL MEANT, BUT——

MOTORIST (*with heated cylinders*). "Where can I get some water?"

RUSTIC. "There beant noo watter hereaboots—but ye can have a sup at my tea!" (*May 10, 1905*)

CABBY (*to Motor-driver, who is slightly disorganising the traffic*). "Why don't ye bring yer own yard to turn in?" (*June 1, 1910*)

OLD LADY. "Does your horse ever shy at motors?"
CABBY. "Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains fust come in."

So, happy and contented,
I sit discreetly dumb,
And watch the landscape whirling by,
And hear the motor hum.
My Algernon is perfect,
Good looks he does not lack,
I love to gaze upon his face,
But chiefly see his back.

My Algernon is loving,
My Algernon is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
And till the tyres are punctured,
Or till the engine bust,
I'll let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust!

The Channel Tunnel proposals coming up, as they do every now and then, gave occasion for this attack on the opponents of military conscription for which Lord Roberts was pressing as a necessary measure of preparedness for war:

The Great Tunnel Question

HORRIBLE RESULTS ANTICIPATED
MAY ENTAIL THE NEED OF AN ACTUAL ARMY
THREATENED APPEAL TO THE MANHOOD OF ENGLAND

["We see that 'The Times' to-day, in a leading article on the Channel Tunnel, says: 'Nothing short of universal military service on the Continental model can justify us in weakening by an added risk the ocean barrier which alone has enabled us to neglect military preparation on a Continental scale.'
"We confess that if we believed this it would convert us into whole-hearted hostility to the tunnel project. As it is, it shows clearly enough what the real danger of the tunnel would be . . . that it would be used as an argument for insisting upon conscription on a Continental scale."—Editorial Note in "The Westminster Gazette."]

IT was a District passenger that sat
Rocked like a babe within its mobile bed,
And passing me his journal pointed at
The above remarks and said:

"Some talk of sentiment that keeps us great—
An island-race whose realm is on the sea;
'Island' be blowed! a smart and up-to-date
Peninsula for *me*!

"'Our sires were Vikings? Full of virile grog
They laughed,' you say, 'to ride the Channel's swell'?
That may be so; but as for *this* sea-dog—
It makes him most unwell.

"That's why I want a tube arranged below,
To let my stomach, comfortably packed,
Achieve the Channel half an hour or so
Sooner and still intact.

"'Romance of Nature's bulwarks? Rot, I say!
If I can spare myself one bilious pang,
I'll give you Drake and Co.; they've had their day;
Let the whole crowd go hang!

"But if this placid transit should imply
A manhood-army as the only sure
Means to avert invasion entering by
The tunnel's aperture,

"Then I'm against the project, teeth and claws;
For, though the Channel turns me vilely ill,
To have to help at need my country's cause
Would turn me sicker still."
(*January 9, 1907*)

THE IRISH HORSE

JOHN BULL (*to George Wyndham on "Ireland"*). "That's the way, George, ride him on the snaffle!"
GEORGE WYNDHAM. "Right you are, John! I don't want to use the curb, if I can help it." (*March 19, 1902*)

Mr. George Wyndham's effort to give the Irish something of what they wanted, indicated in the above cartoon, came to an untimely end.

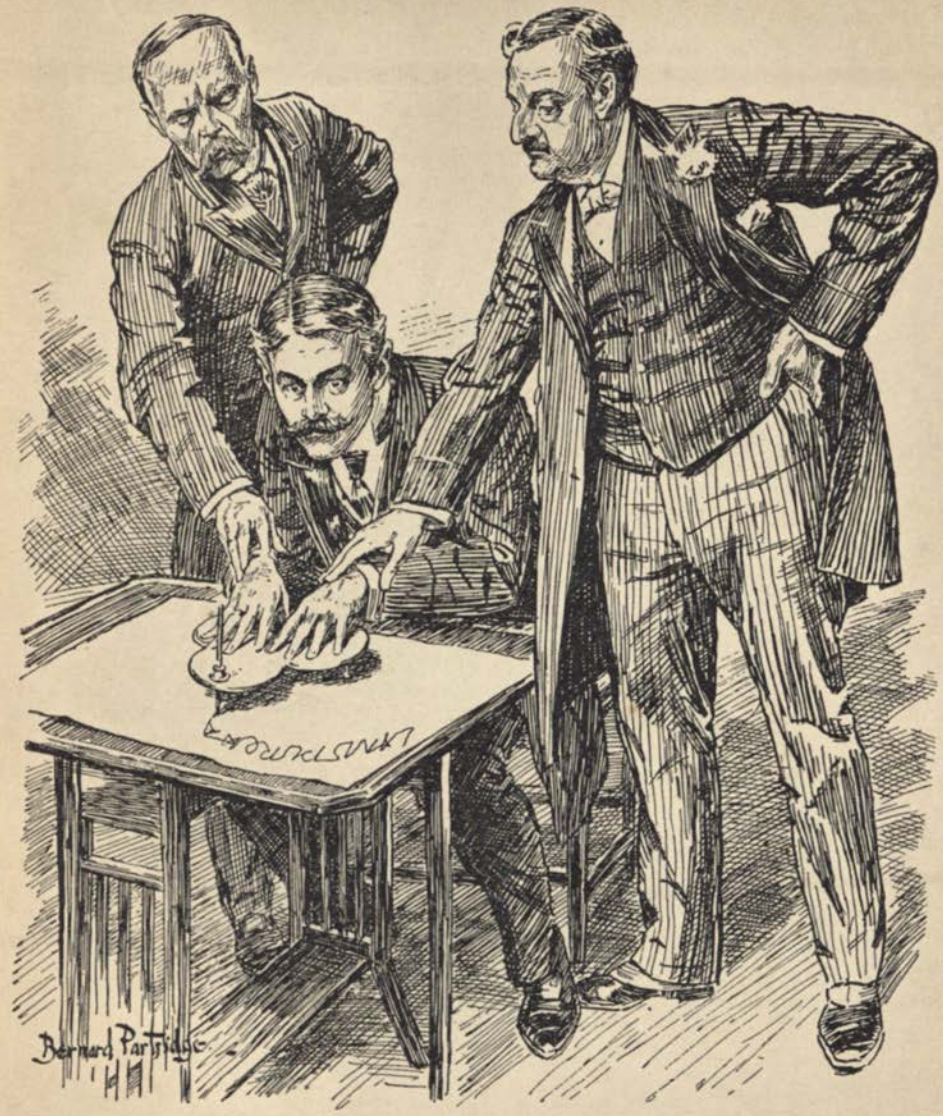
Though the Tunnel project languished, the attempts to swim the Channel became more and more numerous every year. This skit appeared in 1906:

"This Year, Next Year——"

(From our half-over-seas correspondent)

5 A.M.—The Channel close in shore is at present dotted with masks and faces, and at least forty per cent. of the swimmers are confident of reaching the French coast. Mew has got a fine swinging tide under him and is purring with pleasure. The weather conditions are, as usual at the start, practically perfect, but at the same time there is no use blinking the fact that the sea is very wet.

7.45 A.M.—What looked at one time like being a nasty accident was only

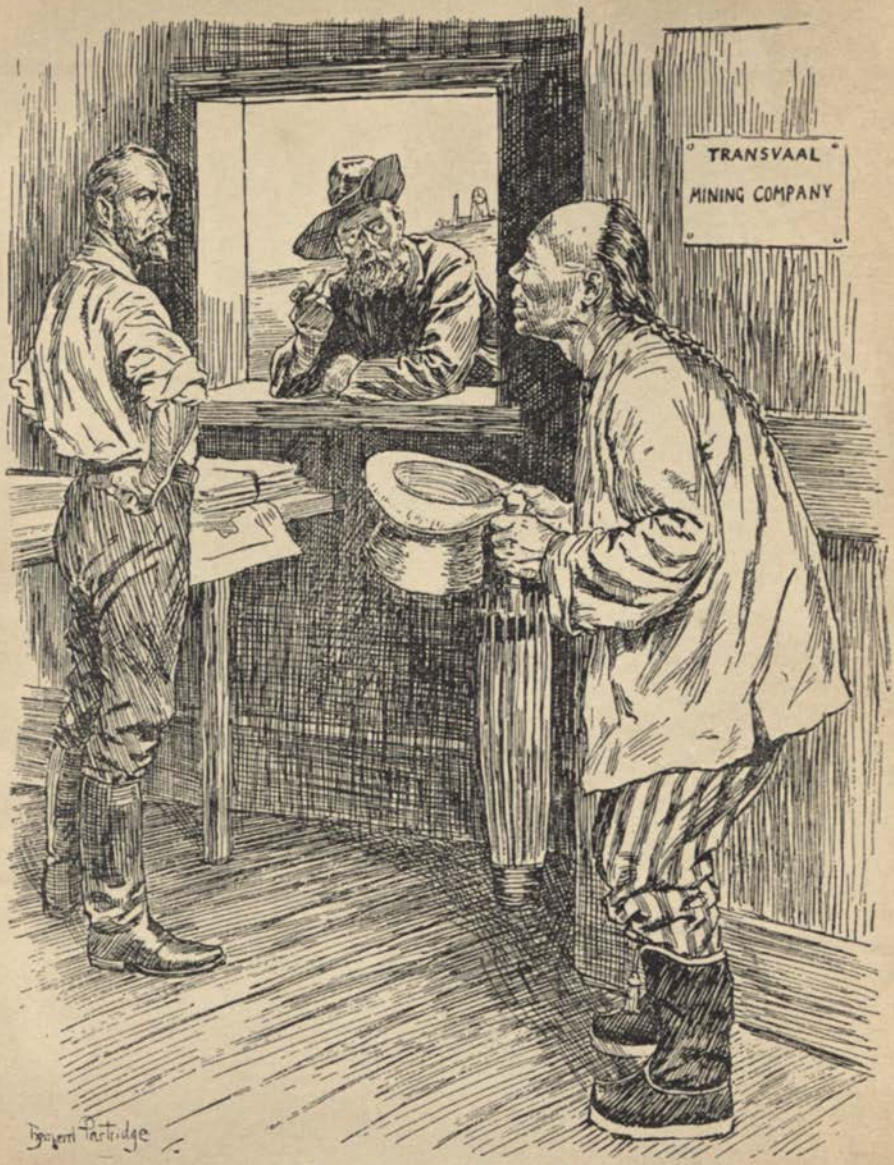


THE IRISH "PLANCHETTE"

RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM (*to Mr. John Redmond and Colonel Sanderson*). "*Land Purchase!* How singular! Now, what *could* have made it write *that*?"

(*March 11, 1903*)

For a time it seemed as if agreement in Ireland were at hand.



THE CHINESE PAUL PRY

CHINESE LABOURER. "I hope I don't intrude?"
BRITISH COLONIST. "Yes, you *do*. Get out!"

(*December 16, 1903*)

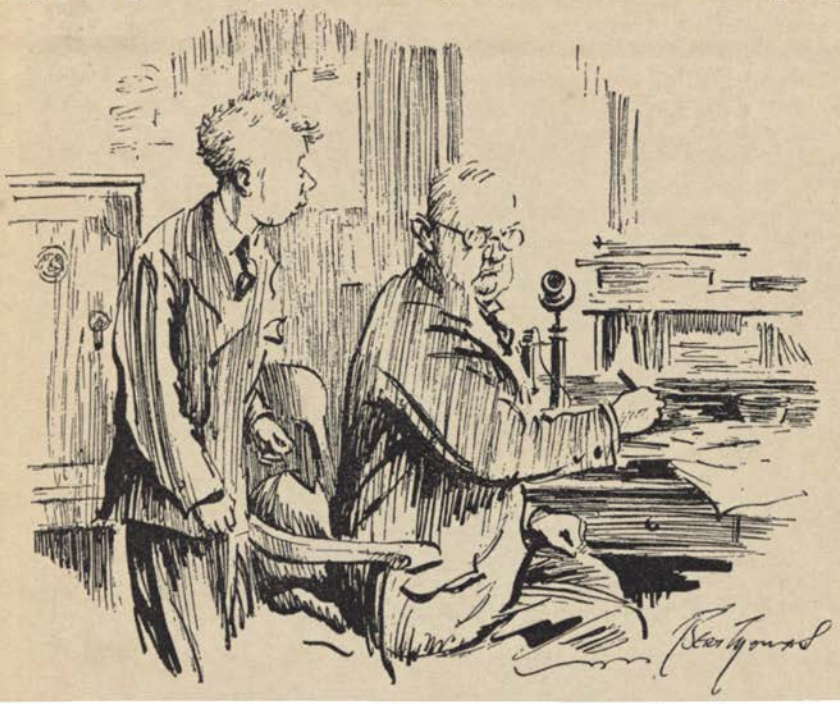
The Rand mine-owners' employment of Chinese labour caused much controversy and had a good deal to do with the Liberal victory at the 1906 elections.

THE KING-MAKER

[On June 11, 1903, King Alexander of Servia and Queen Draga were brutally assassinated by the military leaders of a conspiracy that placed Peter Karageorgevitch on the Throne.]

SWIMMING THE CHANNEL
(*The Latest Craze, 1905*)

Pages 46 and 47 offer striking evidence of the long endurance of the channel-swimming craze.



(*August 24, 1932*)

"Could I have this afternoon off, Sir?"
"I supposed it's your grandmother's——"
"Yes, Sir. Her first attempt to swim the Channel, Sir."

narrowly averted ; a turbine steamer, carrying some of those old fogies who either cannot or will not swim, collided with one of the lesser-known aspirants for the Blue Riband of the Surf. Luckily he happened to be a particularly hard-headed Scotsman, who, explaining that he was in low water, agreed to take £5 as ascertained and liquidated damages.

8.25 A.M.—The number of swimmers has now increased to such an alarming extent, and the displacement of water is so great that the French coast is slowly but surely disappearing.

9.10 A.M.—Holbein, who is well within eighteen miles of the place where Calais used to be, is complaining bitterly that there is no room to swim, and alleges that he has been twice kicked in the face by a lady who passed him on the wrong side.

Later.—Twenty-three of the competitors have been taken on board their

respective tugs; seven on account of the water being too warm, twelve because the water is too cold, and the remainder (who are in offices in the City) because their leave has expired.

2 P.M.—A dense crowd of French swimmers has been sighted, and it is hoped that a large proportion of them will reach Dover before nightfall and take part in the banquet which is being inaugurated in their honour by the Mayor.

3.15 P.M.—The man who was playing the bag-pipes is very sea-sick; the swimmers are striking out with renewed hope.

4 P.M.—It is now looking very like rain.

STOP PRESS NEWS.
CHANNEL SWIM
Abandoned, raining.

Of the social changes that occurred while Britain and France drew together in the Entente Cordiale and while Joseph Chamberlain was preaching Tariff Reform at home, was the gradual prevalence of smoking among women.

A Vain Appeal

[It is stated that the cigarette habit is gaining such a hold on young ladies of the present day that it bids fair to outweigh all other considerations.]

NOW, Angelina, put it down.
Let me entreat you not to smoke it;
You dread your Edwin's lightest frown,
Or so you say—well, don't provoke it.
No—no—I'm serious just now,
Great weight to every word attaches.
What's that you ask me? *Anyhow*
To pass the matches!

You shall have chocolates to eat
Of every possible description;
Those rosy lips are much too sweet
To soil with Yankee or Egyptian.
Your smiles with trinkets I'll entice
Or silly frillies made of chiffon,
Till once again you say I'm nice
And not a griffon.

Among those violet-scented curls
The smell of stale tobacco lingers,
And oh! to think my best of girls
Should go about with yellow fingers.
Are you aware that stain will spread
Right up your arm and past your shoulder
And ruin . . . What was that you said?
You'll use a holder!

No, Angelina, I insist—!
Come, darling . . . what, you're surely joking?
You are not anxious to be kissed!
You'd sooner give up me than smoking!
So be it . . . take your cigarette
And smoke it, love and homage scorning,
But suffer me, with much regret,
To say "Good-morning!"

(*Mr. Punch's Almanack, 1903*)

More startling was the entrance of women into many of the occupations that had been so far reserved for men

To Portia at the Bar

["The first lady barrister has just taken the oath at Paris."—Daily paper.]

O PORTIA, many maids there are
Who wear their wigs as gaily
As thou, appearing at the bar
To take refreshers daily;
They rustle too, in silk like thee,
With oft a clerk resplendent
And, not infrequently you see,
Solicitors attendant.

Their trade is legal—so is thine,
Yet not their craft thou pliest,
For they are in the liquor line
And thou in law—the driest.
But welcome, bar maid! hail to thee!
Bright be thy lot and griefless!
And may thy portion never be,
Like this poor writer's, briefless.

(*1900*)

MEDDLESOME JOE AND THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS

In May 1903, Joseph Chamberlain, just returned from a Colonial tour, proposed a scheme of Tariff Reform, giving preferences to the Colonies. He declared that Free Trade was out-of-date.

THE UNREADY RECKONER

PRINCE ARTHUR. "O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon. . . ."—"Hamlet," Act. II., Sc. 2. (*September 16, 1903*)

Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister tried to keep with Tariff Reformers and Free Traders in the Cabinet, and refused to take either side himself.

JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST

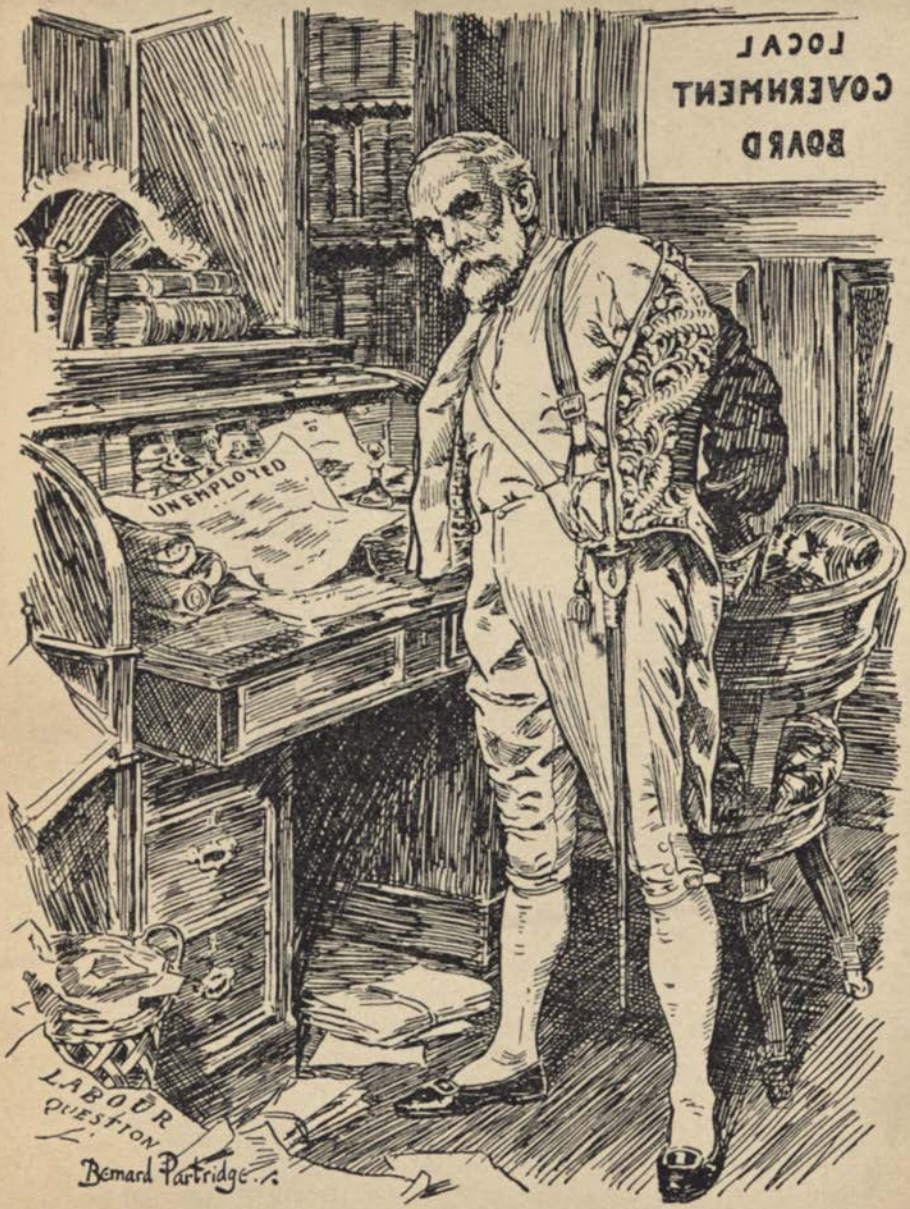
PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN. "You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, he talks just as well even when I go right away!" *(September 30, 1903)*

Balfour was regarded for a time as saying whatever Chamberlain wished him to say.

POLICY VERSO

(January 24, 1906)

For three years Joseph Chamberlain had been advocating Protection. In 1906 the Free Trade cause triumphed. Note that Mr. Punch, with his customary accuracy, shows "thumbs up" as signifying death to the vanquished, not thumbs down as is usually, and erroneously, supposed.



GETTING TO WORK

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS. "I can take off *this* coat just as well as any other."
(*January 20, 1905*)

Mr. John Burns joined the Cabinet in December 1905.

THE COMING PERILETTE: A SKY-SIGN OF THE TIMES

[A scientist announces the threatened impact of a comet which is to reduce the earth to ashes. Other scientists assert that the earth will easily survive its advent. For the moment the topic has been "talked out."]

(*March 13, 1907*)

"To Portia at the Bar" in page 49 registers the first appearance in 1900 of the lady barrister in France. Before very long Portias appeared in Britain also. By that time the nation had been well broken in to the idea of women in public life by the activities of those who demanded votes and carried on an agitation of a violent character intended to force the hands of the politicians. They burned houses and churches, they destroyed mails, they tried to break up meetings, they chained themselves to railings of public buildings, they went to prison and had to be forcibly fed. "Punch" impartially made fun of them and of the politicians whom they tormented, as we see in this and the eight following pages:

Any Premier to any Suffragette

DEAR lady, while your aims
Have my sincere approval,
And while I own your grievance claims
Immediate removal;

Yet, since your cause and you
The frivolous make nought of,
And that might risk a vote or two—
It isn't to be thought of!

So, lady, it is plain
While at your claim one man shies,
Until you have a vote 'tis vain
To ask us for the franchise.

(*March 6, 1907*)

THE SUFFRAGETTE THAT KNEW JIU-JITSU
The Arrest.

(*July 6, 1910*)

EXCELSIOR!

SUFFRAGIST. "It's no good talking to me about Sisyphus; he was only a man!"

(*July 13, 1910*)

MILITANT SUFFRAGIST (*after long and futile efforts to light a fire for her tea-kettle*). "And to think that only yesterday I burnt two pavilions and a church!"

Many buildings were fired by Suffragettes. (*June 4, 1913*)

MILITANT. "Now, isn't that provoking? Here's a lovely big house to let *and I've forgotten my matches*!!" (*July 2, 1913*)

IN OXFORD STREET

OVER-ZEALOUS P.C. (*suspicious of concealed hammer*). "Now then, none of that. Move on, there!" PERFECTLY INNOCENT YOUNG LADY. "Then perhaps you will kindly blow my nose for me."

In 1913 there was an outbreak of shop-window smashing by Suffragettes.

The Poet to His Suffragette

IF in that hour of triumph when you passed
(Accompanied by *Do ye ken John Peel?*)
From dungeon-walls to break your dreadful fast
Where Mr. Miles purveys the fruity meal—
Forgive me, if through absence, O my fair,
I was just then not there.

Present in spirit I could still observe
"Shades of the prison-house" upon your brow,
And, poised above, the halo's airy curve,
Symbol of martyrdom's accomplished vow;
And hear the thud of your heroic feet
Shattering Chandos Street.

Perchance you found my absence rather odd
When you debouched from out your loathly cell?
Yet I had thought on you detained in quod,
Pallid and tousled; I had pondered well
How great a thing you were, how near the sky,
And what a worm was I.

In dreams I waved a banner by your side
And frankly owned: "This is no place for me!
She needs a nobler mate, this virile bride,
A hardier brand than I could hope to be;
I am not made (one has to be so tough)
Of the right martyr-stuff."

Then I have certain foibles, all accurst,
Such as a lingering sentiment for sex,
A modest tap of humour, bound to burst
When you are prancing on a prostrate X;
These would obscure my vision of the True;
Yes, I should never do.

So, Loveliest, I release you. All is o'er.
I will not grumble; I am only sad,
A little sad because I must deplore
Your uninstructed taste, who might have had
This pillowy heart to press, but chose to wed
A ballot-box instead!

It was early in the century that the detestable practice of scattering paper at weddings and calling it "confetti" (sweetmeats that once were used in Italy and France) established itself.

"Many Inventions"

[Amongst many other inventions recently patented is an "Apparatus for effectively scattering confetti."]

THE world in these degenerate days
Evinces joy in squalid ways
And petty—
Into your face, for instance, whisks
Those nasty little paper discs,
Confetti.

For sorrier sight in vain you'll search
Than brides and bridegrooms leaving church
Thus pelted;
Such demonstrations I condemn,
Poor victims! Oft my heart for them
Has melted.

(*Continued in p.* 63)

AT LAST! *(January 1918)*

The Penitent

Mr. Punch, always ready to admit his exceptional "bloomers," does penance for his error of thirty-five years ago, and begs to offer his respectful congratulations to Lady Astor, M.P.

(*December 10, 1919*)

Lady Astor was the first woman to be elected to the House of Commons towards the end of 1919.

THE CHIEF'S LAST CHARGE

LORD READING, THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA (*to the new Juror*). "Madam, I could not leave the cause of Justice in fairer hands." (*January 19, 1921*)

Women were admitted to serve on Juries in 1921. Lord Reading, the Viceroy, was late Lord Chief Justice.

OUR "FLAPPERS"

"Flapper" is the popular Press catchword for an adult woman worker, aged twenty-one to thirty, when it is a question of giving her the vote under the same conditions as men of the same age. *(November 30, 1927)*

"Punch" was thus in 1927 a convert to the franchise for all women, which was granted very soon after this appeared.

Now this inventor-fiend, whom I
The object constitute of my
Invective,
Desires to make, the plaguy bore,
The beastly practice even more
Effective!

What need of "pom-poms," when by
hand
People may be, I understand,
Well harried?—
I write with feeling, seeing I
Myself have only recently
Been married!

In 1904 occurred one of the most violent upheavals of British public opinion that history records: it seemed to supply a pendent to Mafeking Night and it suggested to some people that the nation was becoming more excitable. During the war between Japan and Russia the Tsar's Baltic Fleet on its way to the Far East fired on a number of British trawlers in the North Sea. The officers apparently thought that their lights were those of enemy torpedo-boats and did not stop to reflect that, if such were the case, they would not be showing lights. British fishermen were killed and wounded. An outburst of anger followed and "Punch" caught the popular tone of fierce resentment in

A Famous Victory

AIR—"The Battle of the Baltic"

[It is said that, in his first report to his august Master, the Admiral of the Baltic Fleet referred to his performance on the Dogger Bank as "a serious encounter."]

OF the Admiral of the Czar
Sing the North Sea night's renown,
When that gallant Tartar tar
Toward the Dogger drifted down,
Heading cautiously and slow for the
South,
Full of thankful wonder at
His escape from Kattegat,
And his heart still pit-a-pat
In his mouth.

Cautiously he felt his way
Where the snares were sure to be,
Turning darkness into day
With his lights that searched the sea,
For his Teuton friends had said, "Have
a fear!
Where the British trawlers ride,
You are certain to collide
With a foe the other side
Of the sphere."

Ay! beneath the stars' eclipse
Who could say what levin-cracks
Might explode from battleships
In the guise of simple smacks,
What infernal submarine booby-trap,
Masked as mackerel or as sole,
Or a porpoise on the roll,
Might contrive to blow a hole
In his scrap.

Hark! the sudden cry outrang:
Hostile trawling fleet ahead!
And each rustic lubber sprang
Like a rocket from his bed,
And prepared to meet his doom, face to
face;
And across the dazzled night
They could see this dreadful sight—
Fishers, by a greenish light
Gutting plaice!

Then the Admiral swore an oath,
And the word went down the line,
And the captains, nothing loath,
Read the flaring battle-sign,
And they took its meaning in at a glance;
"Hearts of Oak! your duty's plain;
Lay your guns," they cried, "in train;
You may never get again
Such a chance!"

(Continued in p. 70)

A STRATEGIST

RUSSIAN BEAR (*slily*). "Running away? Not a bit of it! *I'm luring 'em on!*"
(*May 11, 1904*)

Japan and Russia were at war in the Spring of 1904. The Japanese quickly showed their superiority.

THE COMMON ENEMY

BRITANNIA. "Madness, folly, incompetence—call it what you will—these things cannot be suffered on the world's highway! !"

October 24, 1904.—News arrives of Russian outrage on British trawling boats. *October 24.*—Government demands reparation. *October 28.*—Russia agrees to International Court of Inquiry.

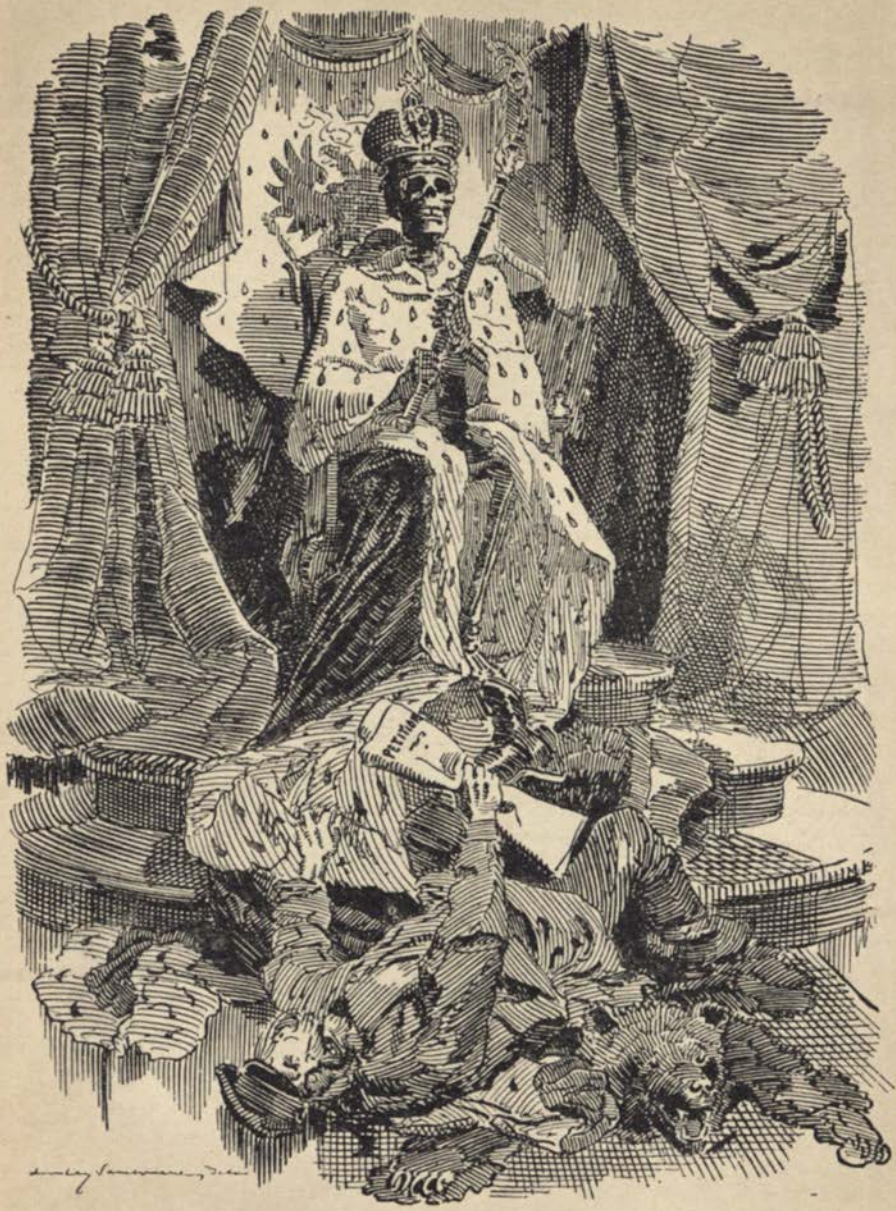
(*November 2, 1904*)

Britain was urged to go to war with Russia after the attack on British fishing boats in the North Sea by a Russian fleet. The incident was settled diplomatically.

THE SANDS RUNNING OUT

(January 4, 1905)

The Tsardom was badly shaken by its war with Japan.



THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

(February 1, 1905)

In January 1905 the Tsar ordered that a crowd of peasants and workmen who wished to present a petition to him should be fired on. Many were killed.

ALLIES

"Oh, East is East, and West is West . . .
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"
Rudyard Kipling.
(*October 4, 1905*)

After the Japanese victory an alliance between Britain and Japan was concluded.

BAFFLED!

[The new Anglo-Russian agreement is considered to be another earnest of peace.]

(*September 11, 1907*)

Yet, two years afterwards, Grey's encouragement of Russia as the ally of France was hailed as a rebuff to the goddess of war.

Then the cannon belched their shot,
And the warriors grew more bold,
And the sport more fast and hot,
When they heard no thunder rolled
Back in answer from the dumb-stricken foe;
Till aloud the landsmen laughed
As they watched the helpless craft,
Raked and riddled, fore and aft,
Blow on blow.

But at length their task was through,
And the gunners stood at ease,
And they left each shattered crew
To the mercy of the seas,
Where Destruction walked with Death on the wave;
And the Admiral, much impressed,
Flashed the signal: *God be blest!*
Pin a medal on the breast
Of the brave!

So the fight with odds was won,
And the victors went their ways,
Flushed with duty nobly done
To the glory and the praise
Of the majesty and might of the Czar;
And their fame arrived, one day,
Where a British squadron lay,
Somewhere near thy noted bay,
Trafalgar!

The matter was settled by the two Governments, but the hostile feeling against Russia did not die away. Cartoons which showed the Tsar as King Death, recommended him to let the Duma (Parliament) function freely, and pictured him watching the sands running through an hour-glass labelled "Russian prestige," interpreted the popular sentiment accurately enough.

In his comments on German activities, especially those of the Kaiser, Mr. Punch also spoke for a large part of the British nation.

The Kaiser

ALL ye who are hot in the crush and cram
Of the holiday train or the seaside tram,
Don't think of the Kaiser of proud Potsdam,
Or you'll never again be cooler.
To the uttermost edge of its outside rim
The earth is full of the fame of him;
And the birds that fly and the fish that swim
All worship the German ruler.

To grasp the idea of a man like that,
A full blue-blooded aristocrat,
Who's got all knowledge as pat as pat,
Is not very easy, is it?
Such a terrible, toasting, talking man,
So busy with brand-new plot and plan,
So quick to be out of the frying-pan
Whenever there's fire to visit.

Imagine his *Schnurrbart* tipped sky-high,
His medals and stars and his eagle eye,
And his mailed-fist finger in every pie,
And the things that he does for pleasure:
How he preached a sermon, and danced a dance,
And made the line of his troops advance,
And put a spoke in the wheel of France,
And all in a moment's leisure.

In the space of a curtailed winter's day
He painted a picture and wrote a play,
A national hymn and a roundelay,
Before he had to go bedward.
And then, to mitigate foreign hates,
He called up Bülow and fixed the dates
For passing his naval estimates,
With an eye on his Uncle Edward.

His uniforms make an immense totál,
For he gets out of bed as a Field-Marshál
And dines as a British Admirál—
I don't know what he looks best as.

ON TOUR

(*Tangier, March 31, 1905.*)

KAISER WILHELM (*as the Moor of Potsdam*) *sings*: "'Unter den linden'—always at home, 'Under the lime-light' wherever I roam!"

In the Spring of 1905 Germany decided not to allow Moroccan affairs to be decided by France and Britain without her, and the Kaiser made a trip to Morocco, offering the Sultan his aid. At first this was treated as a joke.

It takes him a minute—never more—
To muzzle a critical editor,
Or put him inside a prison door
On a charge of *læza majestas*.

Then, baring his arm, with a fearful twist
Of the hand that hangs from his iron wrist,
He screws the scruff of a Socialist
For letting his votes get larger.
He goes to roost as the clocks strike ten,
And at one A.M. he is out again
With a pretty surprise for the soldier men
Whom he leads on his chestnut charger.

Whenever there's anything, right or wrong,
In which there's a chance for going strong,
He goes and he does it all day long;
And he's never at ease a minute.
One day he is off to Morocco bound,
And next he sails through the stormy Sound—
In short if the lime-light's playing round
The Emperor William's in it.

I hoped he would tire in a year or so,
And go, as the Lotos-eaters go,
To a land where everything's soft and low,
And nobody wants to worry.
But the years roll on, and the Kaiser too,
And there always seems to be something new
For the meddlesome hands of the man to do
In a fit of Imperial hurry.

References to a coming war were pretty frequent. For instance:

"IT is fundamentally wrong," says the "Neueste Nachrichten" of Berlin, "to think that either the British or German Navy is being built essentially with a view to fighting each other." Of course, the only real object of their existence is to overawe those troublesome Balkan States.

And again

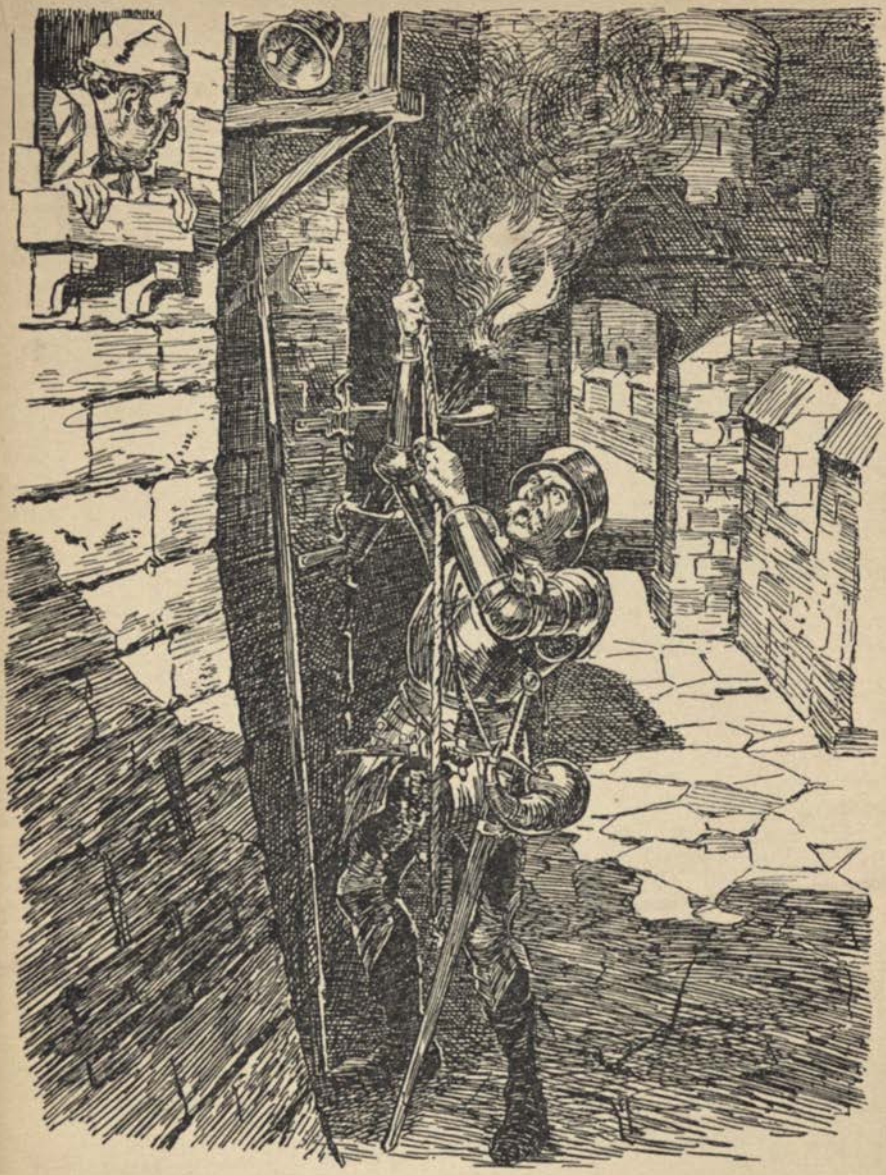
The "Neptune" is to be twenty feet longer and four feet wider than the "Dreadnought." If the war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany go on increasing in size at this rate it is obvious that there will not be room enough for them to fight in comfort in the North Sea, and arrangements will have to be made for the use of the Atlantic.

Attention was frequently called to German preparations for the struggle that seemed bound to come. This is a spirited example:

The Gentle Frau's Appeal

[A Member of Parliament has been exhibiting a toy model of a German gunboat which has a small slot for the insertion of nickel coins. These toys are being used as collecting-boxes by agents of the German Women's Navy League. It is said that they are handed about in German schools with the request, "Give us your pence, so that we can thrash the English."]

CHILDREN of the Vaterland,
Little budding maily-fisters,
Please to lend a helping hand
To your mothers, aunts and sisters;
Help to give it England hot!
Put your pfennigs in the slot!
Look at this delightful toy
Built upon a gunboat model,
Suitable for girl or boy
Just as soon as they can toddle;
Every coin that in you slip
Goes to smash an English ship!



THE CALL TO ARMS

JOHN BULL (*aroused from slumber and only half awake*). "What's wrong?"

LORD ROBERTS (*the warning Warder*). "You are absolutely unfitted and unprepared for war!"

J. B. (*drowsily*). "Am I? You *do* surprise me!" (*August 16, 1905*) [*Goes to bed again.*

Lord Roberts devoted his declining years to an effort to persuade Britain to adopt National Military Service.

THE SOWER OF TARES
(*After Millais.*)

(*August 23, 1905*)

Within a few months the Kaiser was being represented as a danger to peace.

We, the Women's Navy League,
Keen to have our foes in pickle,
In the cause of *Krieg und Sieg*
Beg you, babes, to spare a nickel ;
Thrash the Lion and his whelps !
Every little nickel helps.

When you've got to manhood's height,
Proved the faith that now you're new in,
You'll be glad you gave your mite
Towards arranging England's ruin ;
We can do with small amounts ;
Every little nickel counts.

Santa Claus is coming soon ;
He will stuff inside your socks his
Gifts, including (what a boon !)
One of our collection-boxes ;
Could there be a nicer toy
For a Christian girl or boy ?

And, when full of food and mirth,
You have done your day and prayed a
Christmas prayer for Peace on Earth,
Don't forget the Great Armada !
Ere you seek your tiny cot
Slip a trifle in the slot !

A discussion in the House of Commons on naval matters, in which Germany was pointed at as the probable foe by Liberal Ministers, gave occasion for the following :

No Offence Intended

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the German people by the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty in extenuation of their candour during the debate on the Navy Estimates.]

LARGE and belovèd, O amphibious Power,
If we have seemed to you a touch too candid,
If in a really rather awkward hour
We had to let your sacred name be bandied
As that of our most likely foe,
Permit us to explain why this was so.

It all began about November last.
We gathered, in the very act of nailing
Our glorious Two-Power Standard to the mast,
Firm as a Suffragette lashed to a paling,
That you (we never dreamed you would)
Were building Dreadnoughts faster than you could.
Of course we don't dispute your perfect right
(Why, who are we to circumscribe your freedom ?)
To keep your Krupps a-boiling day and night
With thirty thousand extra hands ; you need 'em ;
Your merchant-ships—may they increase !—
Require protection—one Dreadnought apiece.

(Since penning this remark we learn, dear friends,
That your commercial needs are not as stated ;
We hear that Admiral Tirpitz now intends
To have his fighting navy concentrated,
For local objects, nearer home,
And not dispersed about the general foam.)

And if you said you wouldn't push the pace,
That was no pledge, but just a "declaration,"
Not binding, though it gave us heart of grace,
And nerved us to a little relaxation ;
And if thereon you fail to act,
Your *bona fides* still remains intact.

OUR WINSTON

(*An unrecorded incident of the Manœuvres.*)

WINSTON (*der Grosse*). "Now mind, your Majesty; if any point should arise during the Manœuvres that you don't quite understand—that you can't get the hang of—don't hesitate to ask me! Remember, I shall never be thinking too deeply to be disturbed by *you*. Any topic, mind! Strategy or tactics; anything that worries you about the Empire,—all the same to me, you know—put you right in a moment."

(Mr. Winston Churchill attended the German Manœuvres of 1906 in yeomanry uniform as the guest of His Majesty the Emperor.)

We should have liked to draw a veil about
Matters that hardly lend themselves to mincing,
Only, you see, we *had* to blurt them out
Because our own side takes so much convincing;
We *had* to talk in tragic metres
So as to flabbergast our Little-Fleeters.

Against our will we gave your schemes away,
Not all of them, of course, but all we knew, Sirs;
On painful facts we turned the light of day,
Simply to shock these Armament-Reducers,
Fearing they might, unless we stirred 'em,
Vote for the Fleet's *reductio ad absurdum*.

Pity, don't blame us; we were bound to hedge,
Bound to employ ambiguous resources,
Exposed upon the cliff's appalling ledge,
With just the choice of two repugnant courses,
The balance being fairly level—
That side the deep sea, and on this the devil.

(*1909*)

The most resounding literary event of the period was the rise of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Punch, who began by treating him as rather a good joke, was still ridiculing him after the production of "Man and Superman."

Man and Bannerman

[Being the first portion (and quite enough too) of a report of a lecture on the Prime Minister recently delivered by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.]

THE Chair was taken by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. A. B. Walkley, each occupying half of it. Mr. Wells first introduced Mr. Shaw to the audience as the most advanced thinker of the time (bar one), and Mr. Walkley followed by calling him the wittiest of dramatists. During these remarks, Mr. Shaw's beard was observed to be wearing its permanent blush.

The speaker then began his address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN (he said): I flatter you by coming here this evening (*laughter*) to tell you the truth (*laughter*), and not only the truth but the truth about a very difficult subject (*laughter*)—about your Prime Minister. (*Roars of laughter.*) You won't, of course, understand what I say (*laughter*), being totally unused to the truth (*laughter*), and having not the faintest idea what it is when you hear it. (*Great laughter.*) But if there is one man who can tell it, it is I. (*Laughter.*) My friend Wells thinks he can (*laughter*); but he can't. (*Shouts of laughter, in which* Mr. Wells *joined.*) My friend Walkley, wittiest and wisest of dramatic critics, with one exception (*great laughter*), since that over-rated wind-bag Aristotle (*roars of laughter*), thinks he can tell the truth (*laughter*); but he can't. (*Renewed laughter, in which* Mr. Walkley *joined.*)

At the beginning of this year, on January 1, I so far forgot myself as to behave like an ordinary human being. (*Laughter.*) For a moment I became like that lowest of reptiles, a ratepayer (*laughter*), or a banker (*laughter*), or a

FELICIDADES!

After the well-known picture by Velasquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid.

(May 30, 1906)

Princess Ena of Battenberg, a grandchild of Queen Victoria was married on May 31, 1906, to King Alphonso of Spain.

school-girl. (*Laughter.*) I made a resolution. (*Great laughter.*) I did not say " I will be good " (*laughter*), nothing so foolish (*laughter*), so impossible (*great laughter*) as that. I did not say " I will not swindle any one in 1906 " (*laughter*), because I knew I should. (*Roars of laughter.*) I could not help it. (*Laughter.*) No one can. (*Renewed laughter.*) I did not say, " I will be modest " (*great laughter*), because I had no intention of being so. (*Renewed laughter.*) I did not say, " I will look upon self-praise as no recommendation " (*laughter*), because I knew I could not keep to it. (*Great laughter.*)

But what I did say was this. I said, " I will so arrange it that my ceaseless activity in all directions will make it necessary for my name to get into the leading papers every day in the coming year " (*roars of laughter*), and up to the present it has. (*Increased laughter.*) I have not missed a day. (*Laughter.*) Neither, you will say, has Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. (*Laughter.*) True. (*Laughter.*) But can he keep it up ? (*Laughter.*) Can he ? (*Laughter.*) What about the recess ? (*Laughter.*) He will have to drop out then. (*Laughter.*) But not me. (*Laughter.*) There will be no recess for me. I am not a Member of Parliament. (*Laughter.*) God forbid ! (*Roars of laughter.*) Least of all Prime Minister. (*Renewed laughter.*) I need no holidays. When I need a change I do something else. (*Laughter.*) And that is why I shall keep my resolution, and that is why the Prime Minister, had he made a similar one, could not keep it. (*Laughter.*)

[*Left talking.*

(*March 17, 1906*)

There was also legitimate satire on the new methods of newspapers and of book publishers, of which we select two apt examples:

The New Publisher

NEW Publishing may be defined as the puffing of unknown authors for the sake of gain.

The New Publisher is one who will do his own reviewing, and fill many columns of the papers with eulogies of his own publications. Warming to the work, he will hire sandwich-men to parade the streets proclaiming their aspirations or their sin. Great is his belief in anonymity, and having propounded the riddle he is well pleased to keep silent and reap the harvest from a puzzled world. He is very apt to bring discredit on his profession.

The New Journalist

New Journalism is the framing of fictitious sayings and doings at the pleasure of him who makes journals.

The New Journalist is a person who will condemn a prisoner before he has been tried, or ruin a man's reputation to sell a single issue of his paper. When a sensational trial is in the courts he will be quick to scent out any savoury

The Greeba Castle Pageant (Isle of Man).

EPISODE I.—*The Stone Age.*

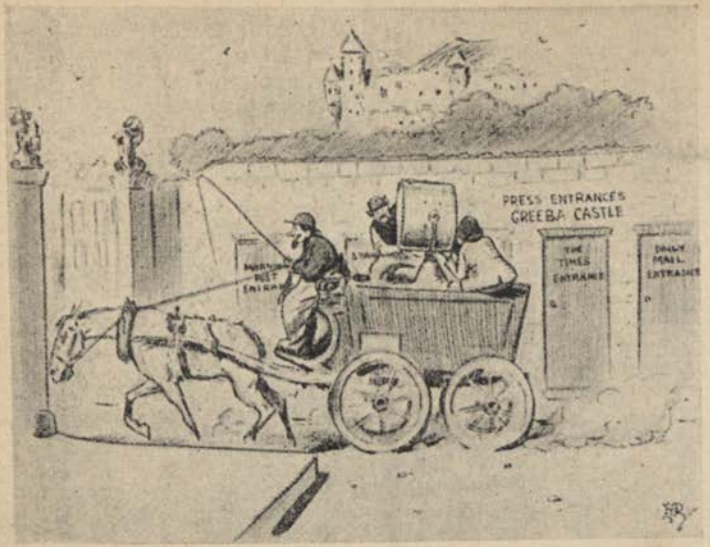
The Great Haulcanosaur (or Greebatherium) appears on the scene, heralded by the rolling of many logs. The population was as yet unused to his little ways.

Hush sh sh! Gentlemen!
FOR CLERGY ONLY
FREE SEATS
ROSTRUM for MEDICAL MAN
BRIGHT AND NEWSY DESCRIPTIVE REPORTS ON PATIENT'S CONDITION EVERY 15 MINUTES
GRAND STAND FOR GENERAL PUBLIC
OPERA-GLASSES ON HIRE 6d
PRESS STAND
DARK ROOM

EPISODE II.—*Slight Indisposition of the Great Author.*

In view of the universal concern in the slightest ailment of the Great Caine, he makes every provision, at some cost to himself, for the alleviation of the public anxiety. He feels that were he unwell, "*in camera*," so to speak, the strain on Consols would be too great altogether, so has his bed removed to the Castle grounds.

(*September 11, 1907*)



EPISODE III.—*Arrival of New and Powerful Searchlight at Greeba Castle.*

The Mighty Brows will be illuminated every evening from 8 o'clock till 10 (a marked improvement on the wreath of fairy lamps as used hitherto). It is expected that with the aid of this powerful light the Lines of Thought will now be easily visible at a distance of ten miles.

EPISODE IV.—*Escaping from Observation (pursued by a Corps of Mounted Snapshooters).*

In order to elude the public eye when taking exercise Mr. Hall Caine adopts a quiet, unobtrusive turn-out, including a Manx pony, whose shaggy coat affords a certain amount of welcome cover.

The craze for Pageants reached its height in the years 1907–1909. "Punch" thus ridiculed it and Hall Caine, the novelist, at the same time.

gossip and horrible revelation. It is quite in his manner, too, to publish the evidence of a witness who has not yet appeared in the box. Hearing that a degree of frost has been registered during the night, he hastens to write a par. on "Blizzards at Brixton," adding, that Wandsworth and Wimbledon are in winter's icy grasp. He is also called Yellow.

(*March 20, 1901*)

In the long-drawn-out battle between Free Trade and Protection, which began with Joseph Chamberlain's adoption of Tariff Reform in 1903 and ended for a time with the overthrow of Conservatives and Protection in 1906, "Punch" took no definite side. It chaffed Balfour for his inability or disinclination to make up his mind. It showed Chamberlain as the Ancient Mariner killing the albatross of Conservative unity. But when Chamberlain died, after some years of inactivity due to paralysis, in the summer of 1914, it eulogised him without reserve.

TO THE MEMORY OF

Joseph Chamberlain

Born 1836 Died July 2nd, 1914

ERE warmth of Spring had stirred the wintry lands—
Spring that for him had no renewing breath—
He went apart to wait with folded hands
The lingering feet of Death.

Long had he laid his burnished armour by,
But still we flew his banner for a sign,
Still felt his spirit like a rallying-cry
Hearten the fighting line.

But he—ah, none could know the heavy strain,
Patiently to accept the watcher's part
While yet no weakness sapped the virile brain
Nor dulled the eager heart.

He should have died with all his harness on,
As those the Valkyr bore from out the fight,
In ringing mail that still unrusted shone,
Up to Valhalla's height.

Yet solace flowed from that surcease of strife:
Love found occasion in his need of care,
And time was ours to prove how dear the life
An Empire ill could spare.

And generous foes confessed the magic spell
Of greatness gone, that left the common store
Poor by his loss who loved his party well,
But loved his country more.

And ancient rivalries seemed very small
Beside that courage constant to the end;
And even Death, last enemy of all,
Came to him like a friend.

To the Liberal Government which came in as the result of Balfour's resignation in 1905 and the general election which followed Mr. Punch was not friendly. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget in 1909, which made an onslaught on the rich, was attacked as hotly as Asquith's flaccidity, expressed in his motto "Wait and see."

A Bit of a Breeze

C.-B. (*Organ Grinder, to Independent Labour Party*). "Ain't you a-goin' to join in with your friend, Miss?"

I.L.P. "Not me! She ain't my class!" (*May 16, 1906*)

When the Liberals under Campbell-Bannerman took office in 1905, they were supported by a number of "Lib-Labs," M.P.'s half-Liberal, half-Labour. Keir Hardie's Independent Labour Party stood outside the alliance.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

JOSEPHINE (*the damosel in distress*). "My Lord, time was when I held you in scant esteem; but now I crave the help of your trusty lance against yon monster!" (*Aside*) "Hope the old sportsman 'll take it on!"

[Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech at Highbury, stated his conviction that the Education Bill would not pass. He was apparently counting on its rejection by the House of Peers.] (*June 13, 1906*)

The spectacle of Joseph Chamberlain, once the doughty Radical, calling on the House of Lords to throw out Liberal measures, caused much amusement.

ABSIT OMEN!

MOTHER HALDANE. "Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

MOTHER BRODRICK (*sniffily*). "Ah, *I* hatched a brood of six every bit as fine as yours—and we all know what became of *them*."

(*January 23, 1907*)

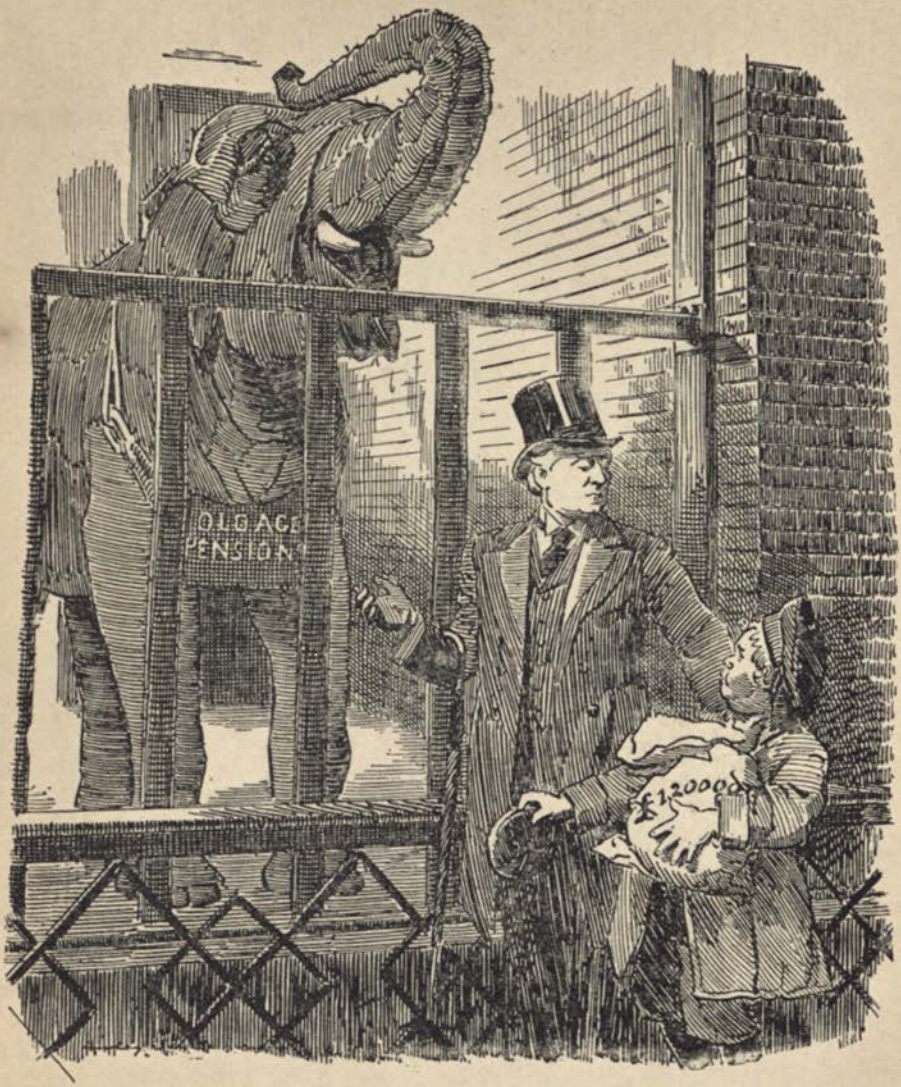
Haldane's Army Scheme, which enabled the Expeditionary Force to be sent to France in 1914, was one of the chief measures to occupy Parliament in 1907. Brodrick (Lord Midleton) had introduced a scheme of the kind some years before.

THE NEW ALTRUISM

LABOUR M.P. "My poor friend, here's five shillings for you."
LIFE-LONG LOAFER. "Gawd bless yer, Guv'nor!"
CITY MERCHANT. "Here, hang it, that's *my* money!"
LABOUR M.P. "Yes, I know. But it's my *idea*!"

[According to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the programme of certain Labour Members includes an Old Age Pension scheme based on a graduated super-tax on incomes above £5000.] *(October 9, 1907)*

At first the Labour proposal of old age pensions was not regarded seriously. Few thought the Liberals would adopt it.



A Cheerful Prospect

UNCLE ASQUITH. "We mustn't forget the poor old elephant, must we?"
JOHNNY BULL (*without enthusiasm*). "Will he want all the buns I've got here?"
UNCLE A. "Yes, my boy, and all the buns you're ever likely to get!"

(*May 13, 1908*)

The inclusion of old age pensions by Asquith in his Budget of 1908 incurred the displeasure of many of the well-to-do.

LLOYD THE LUBRICATOR

There's a sweet little cherub that floats up aloft to watch o'er the life of John Bull.

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to Mr. Lloyd George on his successful intervention in the late Railway Dispute.]

(*November 13, 1907*)

Mr. Lloyd George, as President of the Board of Trade, showed skill and good temper as a negotiator.

Rich Fare

THE GIANT LLOYD-GORGIBUSTER. "Fee, fi, fo, fat,
I smell the blood of a Plutocrat;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."
(*April 28, 1909*)

When he produced his 1909 Budget with its heavy taxes on wealth, he was no longer a
b, but an ogre.

A Dog's Chance

NOBLE SPANIEL (*answering to name of "Marquis"*). "They tell me that as a sportsman I ought to tackle this thing; but I'm not at all sure I shan't let it pass." (*October 6, 1909*

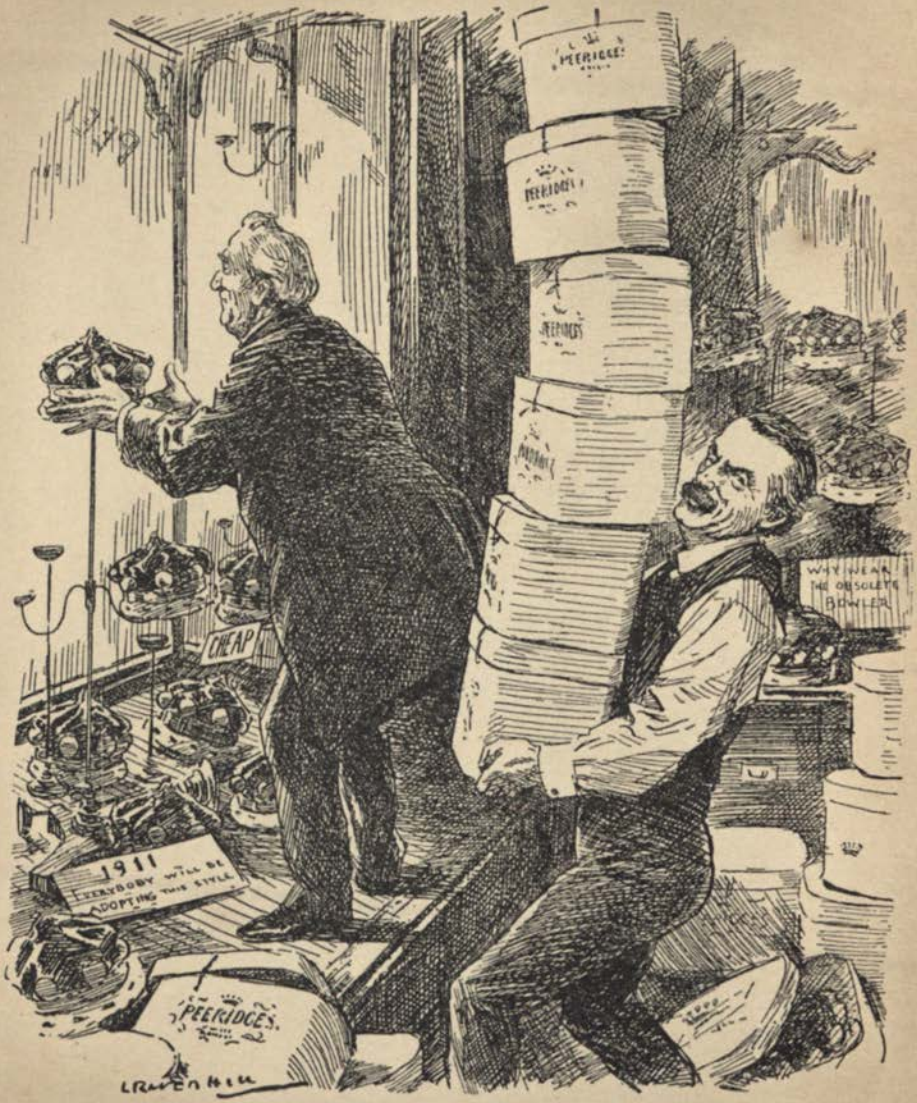
When the House of Lords threatened to throw out the Budget "Punch" derided t but later was found on their side.

THE CONSTITUTION IN THE MELTING-POT

THE THREE WITCHES. "Double, double toil and trouble!"—"Macbeth," Act IV. Scene 1.

(*April 13, 1910*)

Because the Liberal Government appealed to the country in 1910 against the House of Lords, Asquith, Lloyd George and Churchill were denounced as dangerous to the British Constitution.



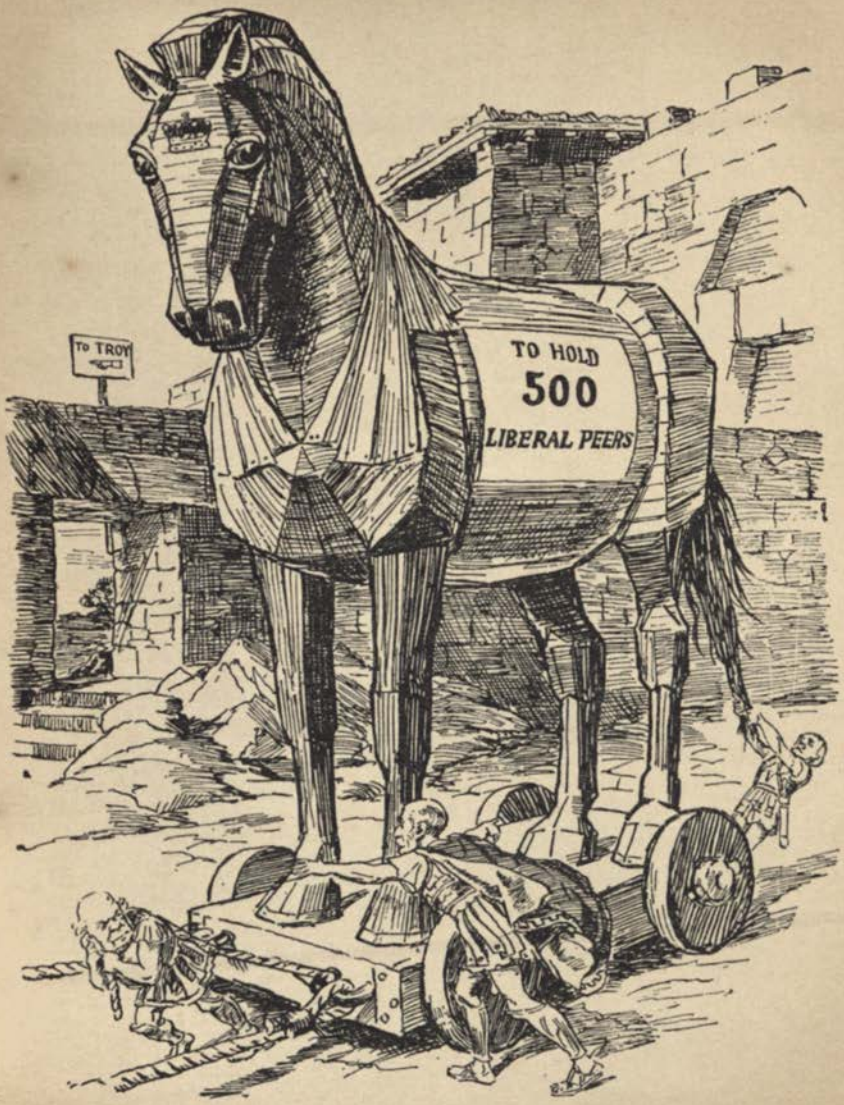
THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

OUR MR. ASQUITH. "Five hundred coronets, dirt-cheap! This line of goods ought to make business a bit brisker, what?"

OUR MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "Not half; bound to go like hot cakes."

(*December 28, 1910*)

Asquith won the King's consent to the creation of 500 peers if the House of Lords remained obstinate in their hostility to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget.



THE OLD TROJAN

LORD LANSDOWNE. "Don't lug that infernal machine into the citadel. The thing's full of enemies."

LORD HALSBURY. "I know. That's where my heroism comes in."

(*August 2, 1911*)

This threat broke the opposition of the Lords to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, and was remembered by the more moderate peers when the Upper House seemed inclined to throw out other measures in 1911.

THE DOCTOR

(With apologies to Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.)

PATIENT (*General Practitioner*). "This treatment will be the death of me."
DOCTOR BILL. "I dare say you know best. Still there's always a chance."

(*June 14, 1911*)

In 1911 Mr. Lloyd George's Health Insurance Act was passed. At first it was well received but opposition was quickly whipped up, especially against "stamp-licking." The medic profession opposed it, declaring they would be ruined by it.

THE END OF THE DAY

"From spur to plume a star of tournament."—"The Passing of Arthur."

(*November 15, 1911*)

Balfour, finding that his leadership was no longer acceptable to the Conservative Party resigned it in 1911.

Flying and wireless telegraphy began to make their appearance in Mr. Punch's pages from the time of Henri Farman's first biplane and Marconi's early experiments. The new methods of getting about prompted this by "Evoe," then a fresh young contributor, now editor of "Punch":

The Peaceful End

(Or thoughts on being very nearly run over by a four-wheeler)

THAT was a shave, a very narrow shave;
Yet if I should be doomed to die by tumbling
Amidst the Babylonian traffic's wave,
I would the honour might be thine, thou rumbling
Antique affair,
Thou venerable cart, thou curio rare!

Think of the pathos. 1912 A.D.
The air with petrol ever growing fouler,
Obiit Ernest Smith (we'll say that's me),
Through misadventure with a mouldering growler,
Biffed in his bloom,—
Yes, I should like those words upon my tomb.

With flying coat-tails from the taxi's bleat
All day we scamper madly; motor-buses
Sniffle at every corner of the street
With dreadful snorts, like hippopotamuses,
And landaulettes
Start from their ambushes like Suffragettes.

And none knows when an air-ship from the blue
May smash us into unexpected jelly,
But thou—thou almost gentler to the view
Than ox carts in a bioscope of Delhi,
And far less swift,
Under thy calm assault from life to drift
That were full well. How tranquil was thy steed!
A wagon-load of apes would not make *him* shy;
Hollow his ribs were, he was broken-kneed,
And very maudlin was the son of Nimshi
Who drove at me
Not (as things count in these days) furiously.

Yet, drowsy as he was, I think a gleam
Lit in his optics as he saw me double
Back to the saving flag-stones: oil and steam
Have seared his heart and bowed his head with trouble.
Yet even thus
He keeps strange pride in his Bucephalus.

And when he nearly got me, I can swear
He said, "This life of ours ain't extra juicy,
The taxicabman collars every fare
And all the joke of accidents; but, Bucie,
Cheer up, old son,
We'll smite some party yet before we've done."

And so, I say, I had been well content,
If Fate had willed just then to hoist my number,
Not by a rude uproarious taxi's dent
To perish, but to pass to poppied slumber,
Genteelly slain
Under thy lingering wheels, Victorian wain!

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

ICARUS (*watching the triumphant flight of Mr. Farman*). "Confound the fellow! Wish *I* 'd thought of that!"

(*January 22, 1908*).

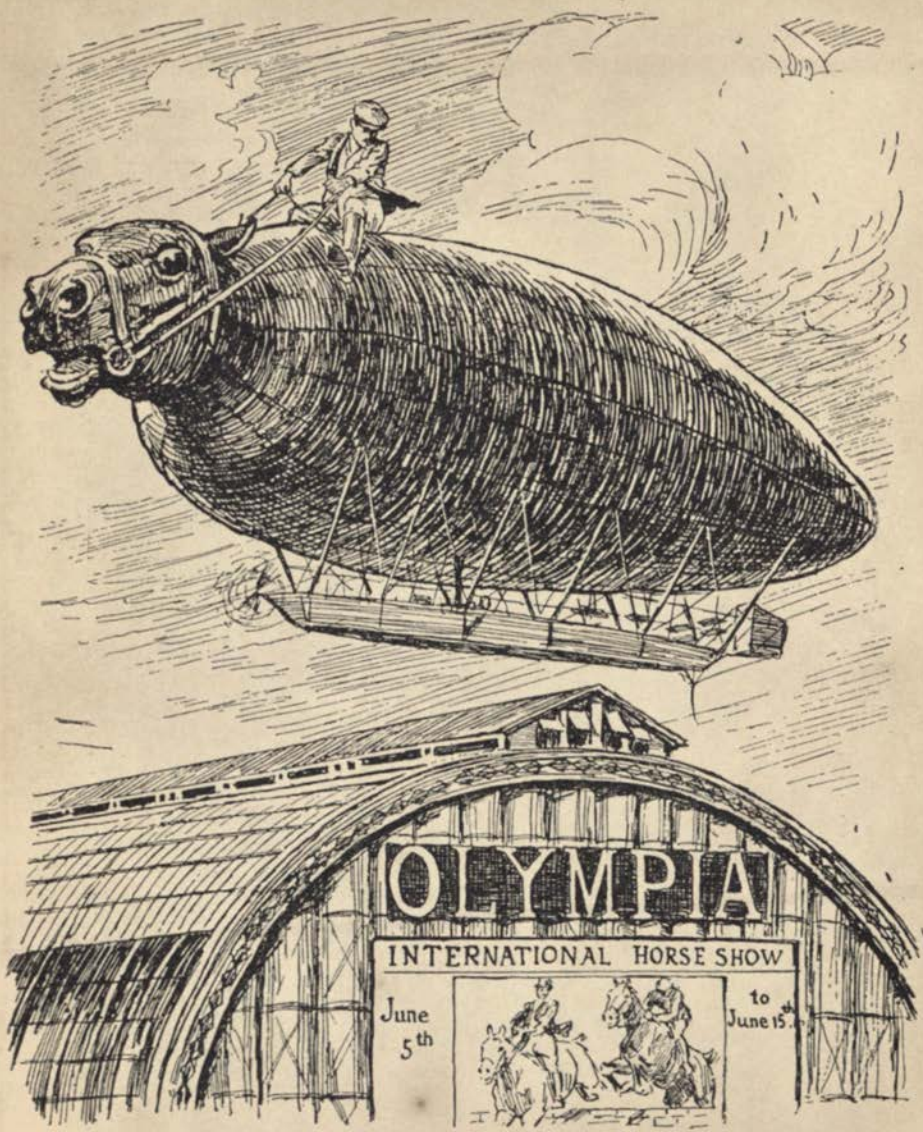
In 1908 Henri Farman made short flights in France, while the Wright Brothers flew long tances in America. They were really the pioneers with the aeroplane.

WINGED VICTORY

[With Mr. Punch's best felicitations to France and Louis Blériot, July 25, 1909.

(*August 4, 1909*)

Blériot had made the first flight across the Channel from a point near Calais to Dover



THE NEW PEGASUS

AERONAUT (*clearing all the jumps in one*). "Talk about horseflesh! Give me aluminium and gold-beater's skin!"

(*June 9, 1909*)

This cartoon of 1909 was inspired by the progress which airships were making.

THE RULING PASSION

(October 9, 1907)

A game called Diabolo enjoyed an astonishing popularity in the year 1907.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS—OUT

BUTLER OF MODERN ENGLISH HOME. "Not at 'ome. Her ladyship is at Monty Carlo; the young gentlemen are in the Halps; and Sir John has taken the other members of the family to the Restorong."

(*December 23, 1908*)

A change in social habit, which made the family party at Christmas time less usual, was marked by this cartoon of 1908.

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF
158677

OUR YOUNGEST LINE OF DEFENCE

BOY SCOUT (*to Mrs. Britannia*). "Fear not, Gran'ma; no danger can befall you now. Remember, *I* am with you!"

(*September 1, 1909*)

By 1909 the Boy Scouts had become a recognised and popular institution.

THE ADOPTED FATHER

ABDUL HAMID. "Well, if anyone had told me a year ago that I should come to this!"

(*December 23, 1908*)

[The new Turkish Parliament assembled on December 17.]

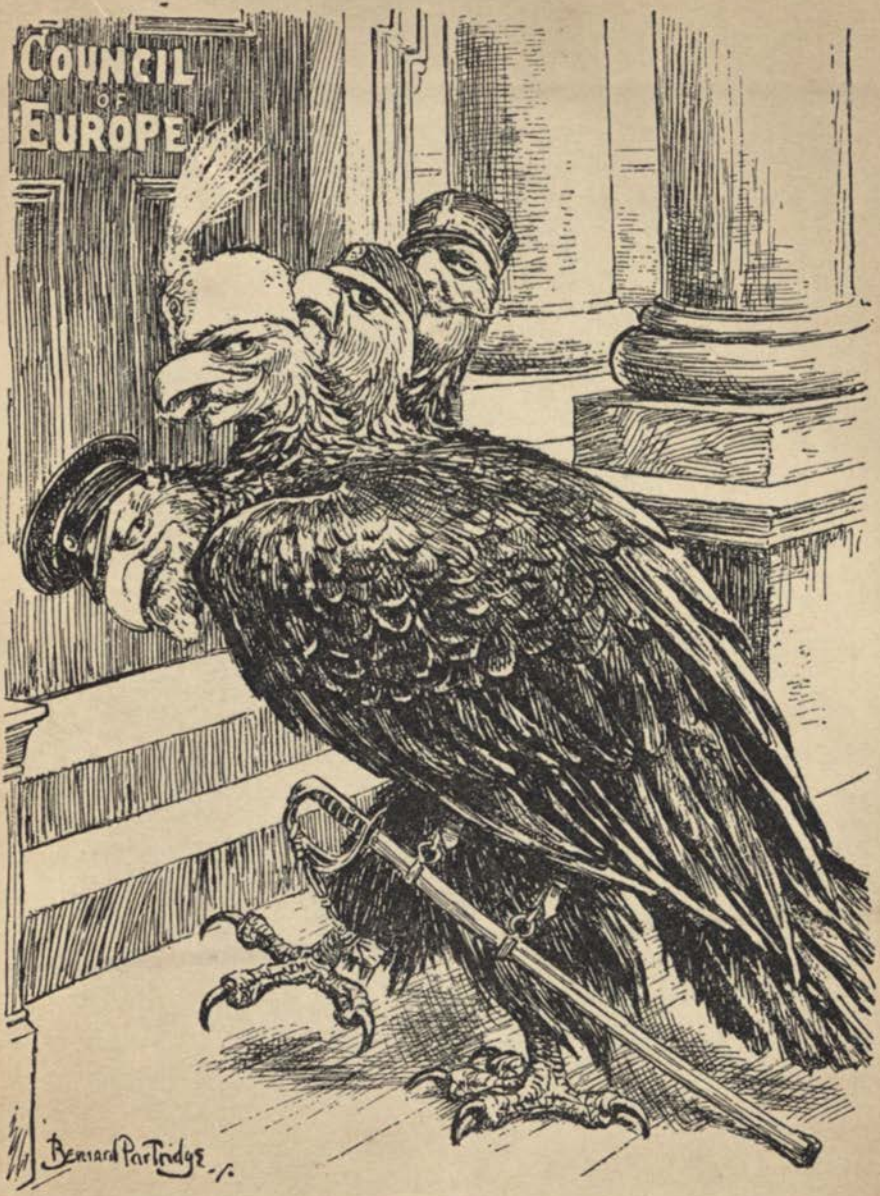
In 1908 the Sultan of Turkey, "Abdul the Damned," as he was called at the time of Armenian massacres, was obliged to become a constitutional ruler.

THE SHOCKER SHOCKED

GERMANY (*pained at Italy's behaviour*). "What manners! I can't think where my young friend picked 'em up!"

(*October 4, 1911*)

Italy attacked Turkey in 1911 in order to obtain possession of Tripoli.



THE NEW EAGLE

(November 13, 1912)

There was little regret felt in 1912, however, when Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece, after the Balkan War, seemed about to humiliate the Turks.

THE LOOKER-ON

TURKEY (*to the Balkan "Allies"*). "It pains me, gentlemen, to think that you, who have been animated from the first by pure Christian zeal on behalf of oppressed Nationalities, should fall out over the swag. If the mediation of a mutual friend would prove acceptable, pray command my services."

(*July 9, 1913*)

The allies, however, fell out among themselves.

The Sermons preached against the Smart Set in London Society by Father Bernard Vaughan made a stir in 1908. Mr. Punch satirised them caustically.

More Wise Words on Wedlock

Father Vaughan Tupper's Great Sermon

WE have been fortunate in obtaining the manuscript of the searching and vivid sermon on "Marriage: Its Trials, Failures, and Triumphs," delivered by that inspired yet caustic observer of modern life, Father Vaughan Tupper, at the headquarters of the Mayfair Roman Catholics on Sunday. We print his scathing remarks and profoundly shrewd counsels just as they issued from his lips, but the readers of cold type necessarily lose the fire and spirit of this great and original preacher—his fervour, his sarcasm, his irony.

"Marriage is a lottery. I say it with all caution after hours of thought on the matter. Marriage is a lottery. You *may* get a good wife, you *may* not; and (here I address myself to the ladies), you *may* get a good husband, you *may* not. Yes, my friends, marriage is a lottery. A lottery.

"When a man goes forth to get a wife he should be guided by good sense. He should not choose a showy, flighty, smoking-room girl, but one whom he can admire and respect. If she is beautiful so much the better; but probably he will think her beautiful, and that will do as well.

"I will not say that the man is the superior, or the woman the superior. In every case time will show.

"Men and women are so different that there are almost certain to be moments when they disagree. The fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage. I say it deliberately—the fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage.

"Nothing can so assist the husband and wife as good advice. Let me give you some. I am full of it. Also I am by my office a bachelor, and therefore the best judge.

"To the husband I would say: Do not interrupt your wife and say sarcastic things to her. Let her talk on. Give her sympathy. Give her ornaments and clothes, if you can afford them. Love her. Be kind to her.

"To the wife I would say: Don't nag. Don't scold. Don't cry. That husbands dislike tears is a truth that has been borne in upon me. Never mind what other people say, but take it from me that husbands dislike tears. Don't keep a bad cook. Husbands like good dinners. Were I, in fact, to speak in a more vulgar phrase, I might say, at the risk of shocking you by my originality and homeliness, feed the brute. Dress well. Do not be slovenly. See that the house is well kept.

"To put the whole matter briefly, I should say to husbands: Husbands, do not do anything to annoy or disappoint or alienate your wives; and to the wives, Wives, do not lose your husbands' love.

"Only thus can there be happy marriages."

The death of King Edward and the accession of King George were the great occurrences at home of 1910 and 1911 (the latter year saw Britain and Germany brought to the verge of war).

In Memoriam

At midnight came the Majesty of Death—
Kings of the earth abide this King's decree—
Sudden, and kindlier so, to seal the breath
And set the spirit free.

And now the Peace he held most near his heart,
That Peace to which his country's steps he led—
So well for us he played his royal part—
Broods o'er him lying dead.

Thus passes Britain's crown from King to King,
Yet leaves secure a nation's deathless love,
Dearer than Empire, yea, a precious thing
All earthly crowns above.

The Coronation

WHEN Summer last came gowned in virgin green,
Among the mourning pageantry you paced,
Dimly aware what splendours of the scene
By Death's enfolding shadow lay effaced;
A King that nursed his private grief apart,
Nor comfort from his kingly state could borrow,
Grave-eyed you went, and very lone of heart,
Mid silent greetings hushed to share your sorrow.

A year ago. And now by those same ways,
Crowned and anointed King, once more you come,
And Grief fulfilled recalls her backward gaze,
And Joy unlocks our lips that then were dumb;
Glad heart and voice, we greet your proven worth,
Whose courage, called to meet the test of royalty,
By better claims than any right of birth
Has earned the homage of our love and loyalty.

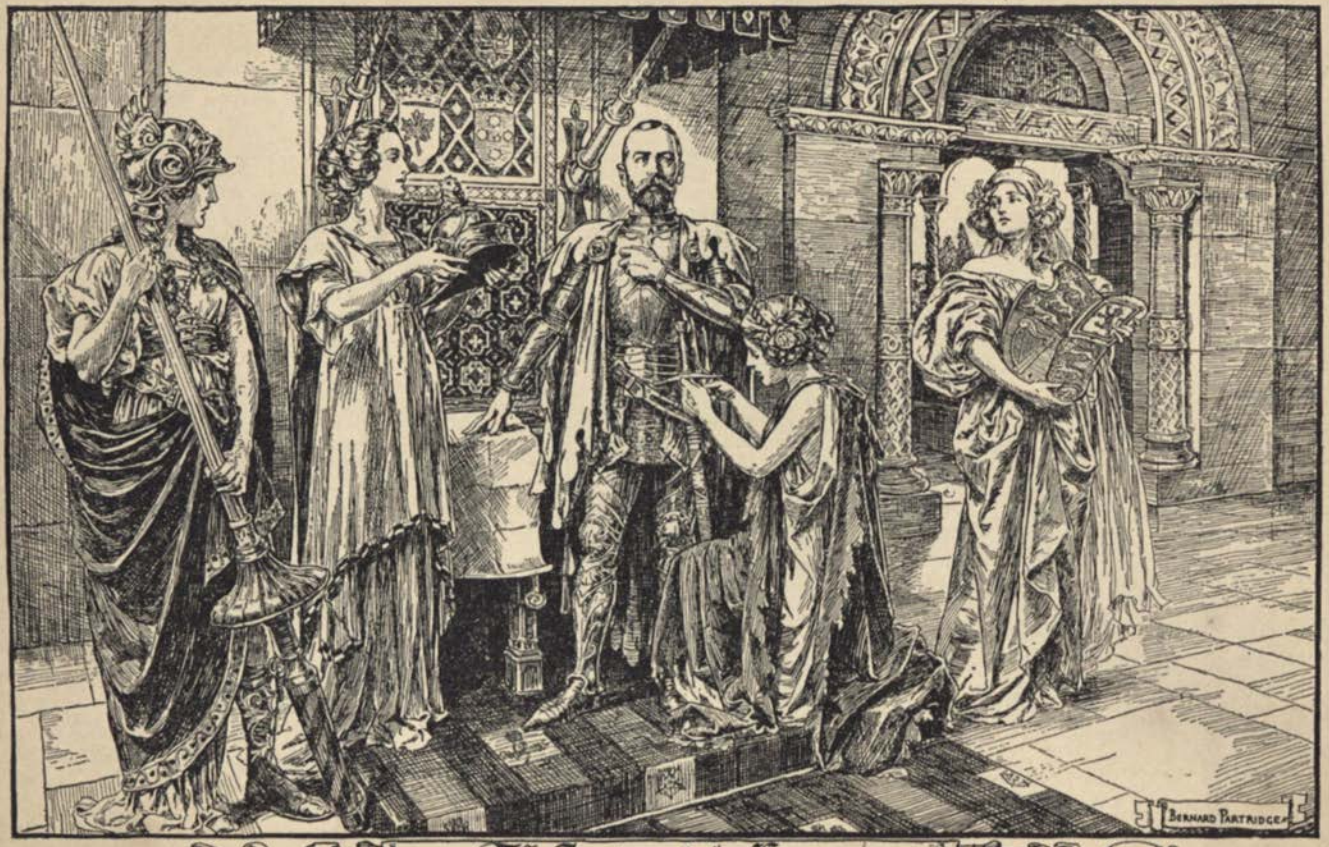
A year or two later a gentleman named Mallaby-Deeley (brother to Mr. Frank Curzon, theatrical manager) came into sudden prominence as a speculator in land and buildings on a very large scale:

Dealings of Mr. Mallaby-Deeley

WE have it on the highest authority that Mr. Mallaby-Deeley purchased Manchester last week for a sum approximating to £16,000,000. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley chanced accidentally to hear that Manchester was in the market when crossing Piccadilly. With the greatest nonchalance he paused and wrote a few figures in the mud with his walking-stick, dropped into a telephone box and bought the lot. It is, we believe, the intention of the enterprising Member for Harrow to spend about a million on washing Manchester, and then to put it on the market as a Garden City.

AN EMPIRE'S GRIEF

King Edward VII died on May 6, 1910.



The Arming of the King.
FORTITVDE · WISDOM · IVSTICE · PEACE ·

King George V was crowned on June 22, 1911.

The purchaser of Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons, about whose identity so much curiosity has been expressed, is the Member for the Harrow Division, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. It is, we believe, his intention to erect a large up-to-date hotel on the site of the House of Commons. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley is of opinion that London is sadly deficient in large, bright hotels, and he thinks that such a novelty would prove a successful speculation. He intends to reserve Westminster Abbey for his own use, and all admirers of business enterprise will hope that it will be very long before he finds a use for it.

It is understood that the purchaser of Berlin (including Potsdam) is Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. He was approaching the fourteenth hole at Mitcham when a passing aeroplanist informed him that Berlin was for sale. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley instantly marconied an offer.

He wishes it to be understood that he intends to give no tenants notice to quit. In reply to a message of enquiry from a Very High Quarter Mr. Mallaby-Deeley has sent assurances that so long as the Palace rent is paid regularly no questions will be asked, and the usual allowances for decorations will be made at the end of the Spring quarter.

Our own representative (who only gained access to him by the innocent pretence of being a Duke fleeing from the greedy hand of a Chancellor) found Mr. Mallaby-Deeley engaged in opening telegrams. "Offers are pouring in on me," explained the enterprising M.P. "Only this morning I have been asked to buy the manorial rights of Pudsey, the Isle of Man (with sole use of its advertising agent), and two million acres of deer-forest; and here is a wire from General Huerta asking what is my spot-cash price for Mexico. Of course to-day is not what I call a really busy day. Do look in to-morrow. Perhaps business will be stirring then." And with the greatest courtesy Mr. Mallaby-Deeley bowed our representative out.

Fashions in women's dress succeeded one another rapidly as the ensuing pages will illustrate :

The Eternal Feminine

WHEN mid-Victorian fashions failed
To tempt the laggard lover,
Our Grandmammas in sorrow wailed
Their weakness to discover ;
And modes arrived, and altered fast,
Until at length was seen,
In all its glory wide and vast,
The Crinoline !

But fickle man was never yet
Content with present blisses,
And woman's wit anew was set
To reinforce her kisses ;
While Cupid simply stood apart
And watched the mental tussle,
Until in Fashion's shifting mart
Appeared the Bustle !

Alas ! the struggle even then
Was only just beginning,
For still the ranks of single men
Are far too slowly thinning.
And now, to match the low-cut wear
That eve to Eve allows,
Behold by day the open-air
Pneumonia Blouse !

(1903)

A Spreading Fashion (1904)

If Hats and Veils get much bigger, what about the Man in the middle?

TAKING NO RISKS (1908)

(*Preparations for our French Visitors in June.*)

Cautious English trainer, after visiting Longchamps, brings back some Directoire dummies, and tries to get his Ascot candidate accustomed to the new fashion.

THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION (1910)

EDITH (*breaking into a hop*). "Hurry up, Mabel; you'll *never* catch the train if you keep on trying to run."

EXTRACT FROM "WEST-END WHISPERS":—"*A propos* of the reign of the Big Hat, the economical Lady Needmore has hit on quite an idea for reducing her millinery bills and at the same time attracting attention to her pretty twins, Vera and Vivienne, who appeared the other day at the Private View of the Impressionists-in-Indian-Ink, sharing an enormous hat of tagel-straw with drooping long-fronded ostrich plumes. They made an *immense* sensation, and are now *both* engaged, I hear!"

One hat for two (1911).

FASHION NOTE (1918)

"How d'you like my new hat, dearest?" "Put it on, darling, and let's have a look at it." "I've got it on, idiot."

OFFICIAL OF LADY WAR-WORKERS' BUREAU. "What sort of work do you feel fitted for?"

APPLICANT. "I don't quite know, but I want to wear these clothes."

(*June 20, 1917*)

War sets a new fashion.

"I wish you weren't so modern, Mother. It's terribly out of date."

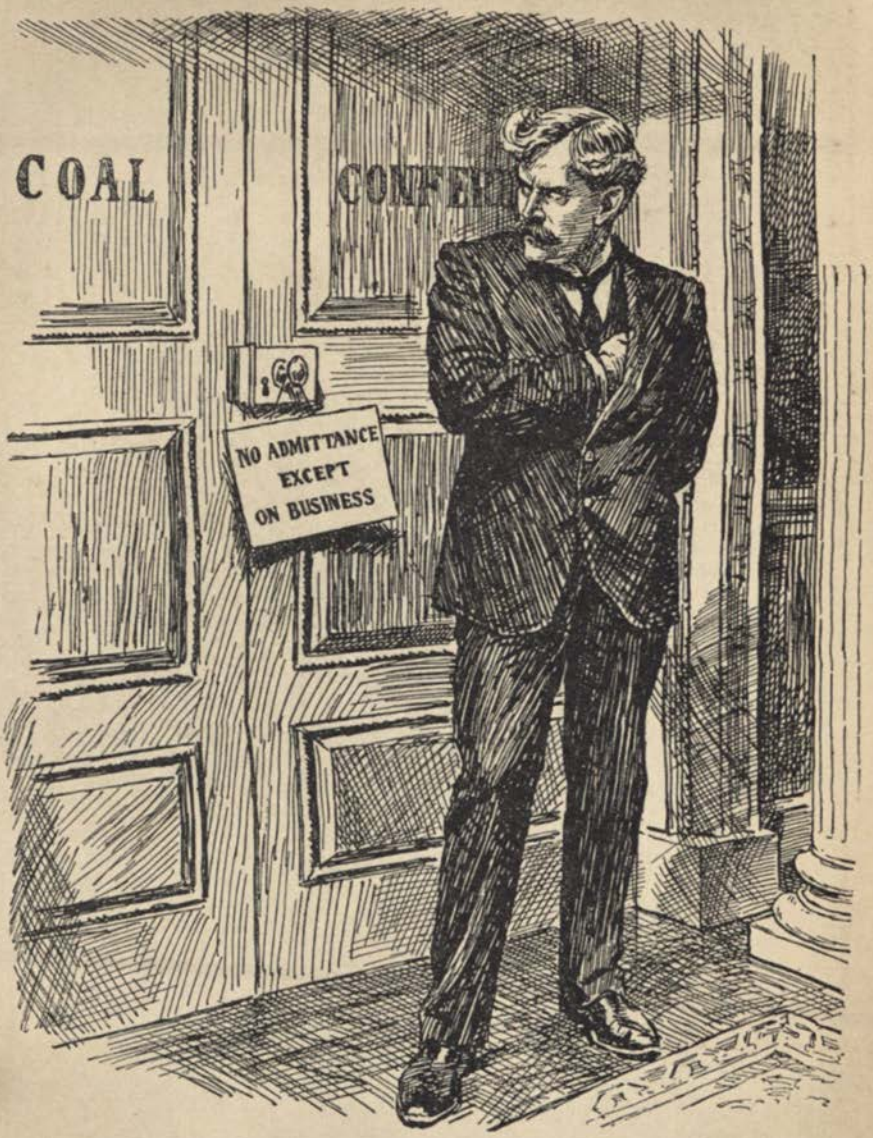
The latest evening skirt suggests a return to decorum—

Until the wearer sits down.

Deceptive appearances (1930).

THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION (1931)

GIRL (*meeting friend*). "I say, a long frock! I'd no idea it was so late in the afternoon."



OUT IN THE COLD

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, smarting under a sense of his own futility*). "If I can't get the glory, they might at least let me have some of the blame!"

(*March 20, 1912*)

In 1912 a million miners struck for a rational minimum wage. An Act was passed to give them a local minimum. The Labour M.P.'s were not consulted.

Toll of the Sea

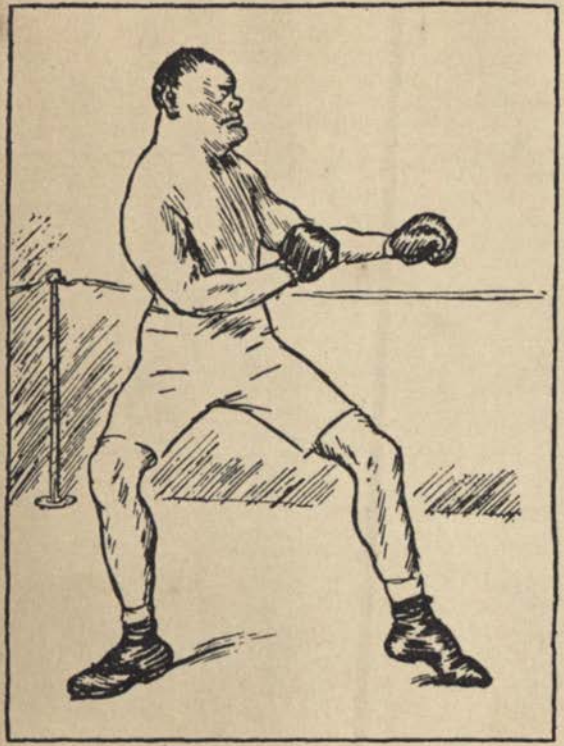
[Dedicated to the memory of the brave men who went down in the "Titanic," April 15, 1912.]

Tears for the dead, who shall not come again
Homeward to any shore on any tide!
Tears for the dead! but through that bitter rain
Breaks, like an April sun, the smile of pride.

What courage yielded place to others' need,
Patient of discipline's supreme decree,
Well may we guess who know that gallant breed
Schooled in the ancient chivalry of the sea!

O. S.

(*April 24, 1912*)



The picture of a boxer as published fifty years ago.

And the picture of a boxer as published to-day.

(*February 11, 1914*)

"S. O. S."

PUNCH (*to Mr. Marconi*). "Many hearts bless you to-day, Sir. The world's debt to you grows fast." (*October 22, 1913*)

The "Volturno," a British emigrant vessel, caught fire in the Atlantic on October 9. Over 500 persons were saved out of 654 by eleven ships which answered the "Volturno's" wireless calls.

The most poignant tragedy of the Antarctic, with its tale of heroism and endurance, was thus commemorated :

IN MEMORIAM

Captain Scott, R.N.

AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES WHO REACHED THE SOUTH POLE IN JANUARY 1912 AND DIED ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY

NOT for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared,
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won—
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold !
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race !

(1913)

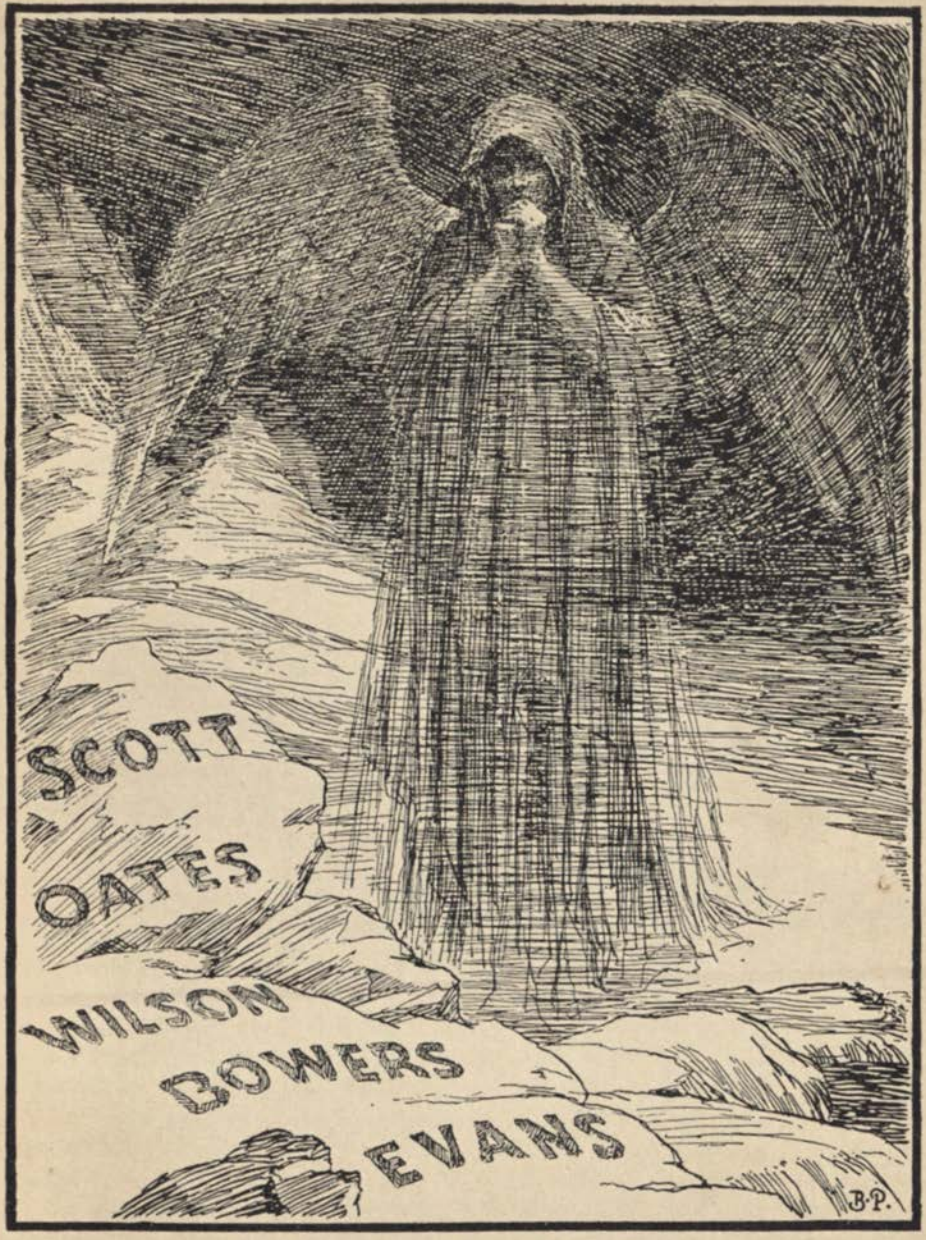
On the Boxing boom which flourished about this time Mr. Punch offered many shrewd comments. The defeat of Bombardier Wells by the French champion Carpentier provoked this suggestion :

An Avenger of our Bombardier

WHO can forget that black Tuesday when the appetite of England was missing from the breakfast tables of our fair land, when every head in Fleet Street was bowed in shame, and members of the Stock Exchange went about their business weeping silently ? Frenchmen may now be able to forget Waterloo ; but it will be many a day before Englishmen can efface from the tablets of their memory the awful name of Carpentier.

Having lauded the victor and dealt suitably with the vanquished, it was the duty of the halfpenny papers to look about for another Englishman who would enter the ring with the French boxer and readjust the balance of power. They looked in vain towards the universities ; they searched the army with disappointment ; even among the ranks of our gallant sporting journalists, who so bravely said what they thought of Bombardier Wells after the fight was over, not one was found worthy to restore the glory of England. Again they bowed their heads in shame ; and if anybody had come along with a " round-robin " to the Kaiser, begging him to step across and take over an effete nation, the little ink that was left in their pens might have been at his service.

For our part, we are not without hope. In our braver moments we



IN HONOUR OF BRAVE MEN DEAD

(*February 19, 1913*)

An Antarctic Expedition under Capt. Scott, R.N., met with disaster in 1913.

SECOND THOUGHTS

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "Full shteam ahead! (*Aside*) I wondher will I lave this contrairy little divil loose, the way he'd come back by himself afther-wards?"

(*October 8, 1913*)

The determination of Ulster not to be included in a Home Rule scheme for Ireland hardened during 1913.

raise our heads again and take courage. There is one sphere in which enquiry for a suitable opponent to Carpentier has not been made, and that is the Church. A full day before the calamity which has darkened the life of the nation for the past eight days, a gallant son of the Church, none other than the Bishop of London, was issuing a sort of challenge to any of his audience of his own age to play with him. Carpentier has shown that boxing is play, not merely stripling's play, but child's play. What advantage the French lad may possess in years is counterbalanced by the Bishop's wide experience and depth of learning. We suggest to Lord Lonsdale that he could do many a less interesting thing than persuade our athletic Bishop to go into training for the sake of the dear old country; and to the Bishop we would point out the unique opportunity this would afford for influencing for good a large section of non-churchgoers.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BANNER

JOHN BULL. "This tires me. Why can't you carry it between you? Neither of you can carry it alone."

(April 15, 1914)

John Bull's attitude, "a plague on both your houses", Ulster and Nationalism, was fairly interpreted by this cartoon.

THE ULSTER KING-AT-ARMS

(May 6, 1914)

"Punch" was not inclined to take Sir Edward Carson seriously. This was one of its comments on the Ulster army, raised to resist Home Rule.

"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY"

GENERAL JOHN REDMOND. "Ulster King-at-Arms, is ut? We 'll be afther showin' 'em what the *other* three provinces can do!" (*June 10, 1914*)

The result of Ulster arming was that the Nationalists did the same.

AN ASQUITH TO THE RESCUE

WAR MINISTER (*to Premier*). "Hold tight! I'll see you through."

(*April 8, 1914*)

Following an incident which showed that many army officers would resign rather than take part in forcing Ulster to accept Home Rule, Asquith became Minister for War.

PENNY WISDOM

["In view of the grave importance of the present political situation 'The Times' will be reduced in price to a penny."—"Press Association."]

(*March 18, 1914*)

The approach of war found Mr. Punch in the same divided frame of mind about it as the mass of his readers. A few years before he had seemed to allow the Kaiser's claim to be a peace-lover. In a 50th-birthday soliloquy Mr. Punch put into his mouth these lines:

And I have kept the peace. Was that well done?
I know not, but I know I kept the peace,
I, whose blood boiled to hear the clash of swords,
At whose command a million men would spring
Obedient to the conflict; I, whose soul
Was made for glorious battle, who could lead
Ten thousand thundering horsemen to the charge,
Have kept the peace, while others urged to war.

Now the Kaiser was blamed as a hypocrite:

Dies Irae

AMAZING Monarch! who at various times,
Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,
Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much
Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour,
Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,
Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,
Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere
With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it—
You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end;
Into our open hearts you found admission,
Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend
Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes;
You moved among us cousinly n-treated,
Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand
Known for a King whose word is no great matter,
A traitor proved, for every honest hand
To strike and shatter.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you
In whispers here, and there with beery clamours—
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,
Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn
Yourself be broken.

(*August 19, 1914*)

After Ten Years

(April 22, 1914)

When the tenth anniversary of the arrangements for mutual support between Britain and
nce came round, few imagined that in a short time the two nations would be fighting
de by side.

For a time the prospect of an outbreak of war had been treated lightly:

The Logic of Ententes

[Lines composed on what looks like the eve of a general European war; and designed to represent the views of an average British patriot]

To Servia.

You have won whatever of fame it brings
To have murdered a King and the heir of Kings;
And it well may be that your sovereign pride
Chafes at a touch of its tender hide;
But why should I follow your fighting-line
For a matter that's no concern of mine?

To Austria.

You may, if you like, elect to curb
The dark designs of the dubious Serb,
And to close your Emperor's days in strife—
A tragic end to a tragic life;
But why in the world should I stand to lose
By your bellicose taste for Balkan coups?

To Russia.

No doubt the natural course for you
Is to bid the Austrian bird "Go to!"
He can't be suffered to spoil your dream
Of a beautiful Pan-Slavonic scheme;
But Britons can never be Slavs, you see,
So what has your case to do with me?

But since Another, if you insist,
Will be cutting in with his mailèd fist,
I shall be asked to a general scrap
All over the European map,
Dragged into somebody else's war,
For that's what a *double entente* is for.

Well, if I must, I shall have to fight
For the love of a bounding Balkanite;
But O what a tactless choice of time,
When the bathing season is at its prime!
And *how* I should hate to miss my chance
Of wallowing off the coast of France!

(*August 5, 1914*)

Even on the day after Britain entered the war there appeared a satire on the events already in train (it is just as appropriate in 1933):

Armageddon

THE conversation had turned, as it always does in the smoking-rooms of golf clubs, to the state of poor old England, and Porkins had summed the matter up. He had marched round in ninety-seven that morning, followed by a small child with an umbrella and an arsenal of weapons, and he felt in form with himself.

"What England wants," he said, leaning back and puffing at his cigar, —"what England wants is a war. (Another whisky and soda, waiter. We're getting flabby. All this pampering of the poor is playing the very deuce with the country. A bit of a scrap with a foreign power would do us all the good in the world." He disposed of his whisky at a draught. "We're flabby," he repeated. "The lower classes seem to have no sense of discipline nowadays. We want a war to brace us up."

* * * * * * *

THE POWER BEHIND

AUSTRIA (*at the ultimatum stage*). "I don't quite like his attitude. Somebody must be backing him." (*July 20, 1914*)

At first there was an inclination in Britain to regard Russia as the "villain of the piece" and to agree with Austria that Serbia deserved punishment for letting the Archduke be murdered.

It is well understood in Olympus that Porkins must not be disappointe
What will happen to him in the next world I do not know, but it will
something extremely humorous; in this world, however, he is to have all th
he wants. Accordingly the gods got to work.

In the little village of Ospovat, which is in the south-eastern corner
Ruritania, there lived a maiden called Maria Strultz, who was engaged
marry Captain Tomsk.

" I fancy," said one of the gods, " that it might be rather funny if Mari
jilted the Captain. I have an idea that it would please Porkins."

" Whatever has Maria——" began a very young god, but he was immediately suppressed.

" Really," said the other, " I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. You know what these mortals are." He looked round to them all. " Is it agreed then ? "

It was agreed.

So Maria Strultz jilted the Captain.

Now this, as you may imagine, annoyed Captain Tomsk. He commanded a frontier fort on the boundary between Ruritania and Essenland, and his chief amusement in a dull life was to play cards with the Essenland captain, who commanded the fort on the other side of the river. When Maria's letter came he felt that the only thing to do was to drown himself; on second thoughts he decided to drown his sorrows first. He did this so successfully that at the end of the evening he was convinced that it was not Maria who had jilted him, but the Essenland captain who had jilted Maria; whereupon he rowed across the river and poured his revolver into the Essenland flag which was flying over the fort. Maria thus revenged, he went home to bed, and woke next morning with a bad headache.

(" *Now we're off," said the gods in Olympus.*)

In Diedeldorf, the capital of Essenland, the leader-writers proceeded to remove their coats.

" The blood of every true Essenlander," said the leader-writer of the *Diedeldorf Patriot,* after sending out for another pot of beer, " will boil when it hears of this fresh insult to our beloved flag, an insult which can only be wiped out with blood." Then seeing that he had two " bloods " in one sentence, he crossed the second one out, substituted " the sword," and lit a fresh cigarette. " For years Essenland has writhed under the provocations of Ruritania, but has preserved a dignified silence; this last insult is more than flesh and blood can stand." Another " blood " had got in, but it was a new sentence and he thought it might be allowed to remain. " We shall not be accused of exaggeration if we say that Essenland would lose, and rightly lose, her prestige in the eyes of Europe if she let this affront pass unnoticed. In a day she would sink from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power." But he didn't say how.

The Chancellor of Essenland, in a speech gravely applauded by both sides

BRAVO, BELGIUM!

(August 12, 1914)

The resistance offered by the Belgians to the German advance was of service to Britain and France.

of the House, announced the steps he had taken. An ultimatum had been sent to Ruritania demanding an apology, an indemnity of a hundred thousand marks, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, whose epaulettes were to be torn off by the Commander-in-Chief of the Essenland Army in the presence of a full corps of cinematograph artists. Failing this, war would be declared.

Ruritania offered the apology, the indemnity, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, but urged that this last ceremony would be better performed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Ruritanian Army; otherwise Ruritania might as well cease to be a sovereign state, for she would lose her prestige in the eyes of Europe.

There was only one possible reply to this, and Essenland made it. She invaded Ruritania.

(*" Aren't they wonderful ?" said the gods in Olympus to each other.*

" But haven't you made a mistake ?" asked the very young god. " Porkins lives in England, not Essenland."

" Wait a moment," said the others.)

* * * * * * *

In the capital of Borovia the leader-writer of the *Borovian Patriot* got to work. " How does Borovia stand ?" he asked. " If Essenland occupies Ruritania, can any thinking man in Borovia feel safe with the enemy at his gates ?" (The Borovian peasant, earning five marks a week, would have felt no less safe than usual, but then he could hardly be described as a thinking man.) " It is vital to the prestige of Borovia that the integrity of Ruritania should be preserved. Otherwise we may resign ourselves at once to the prospect of becoming a fifth-rate power in the eyes of Europe." And in a speech, gravely applauded by all parties, the Borovian Chancellor said the same thing. So the Imperial Army was mobilised and, amidst a wonderful display of patriotic enthusiasm by those who were remaining behind, the Borovain troops marched to the front. . . .

(*" And there you are," said the gods in Olympus.*

" But even now——" began the very young god doubtfully.

" Silly, isn't Felicia the ally of Essenland; isn't Marksland the ally of Borovia; isn't England the ally of the ally of the ally of the Country which holds the balance of power between Marksland and Felicia ?"

" But if any of them thought the whole thing stupid or unjust or——"

" Their prestige," said the gods gravely, trying not to laugh.

" Oh, I see," said the very young god.)

* * * * * * *

And when a year later the hundred-thousandth English mother woke up to read that her boy had been shot, I am afraid she shed foolish tears and thought that the world had come to an end.

Poor short-sighted creature! She didn't realise that Porkins, who had marched round in ninety-six the day before, was now thoroughly braced up.

(*" What babies they all are," said the very young god.*)

DELIVERING THE GOODS

(April 21, 1915)

Mr. Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions in April 1915.

Already, two days before "Armageddon" was published, Britain had taken up arms. The description of the scene in the House of Commons when it was decided to do so forms one of the most thrilling pages that have ever appeared in "Punch's" Essence of Parliament:

War Decided Upon

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Monday, Aug. 3, 1914.—When Edward Grey stood at Table to make momentous statement on position of Great Britain confronted by spectacle of Europe in arms, he faced a memorable scene. House crowded from floor to topmost range of Strangers' Gallery. Lansdowne, "Bobs," George Curzon and other Peers looked on and listened. Amongst them Lord Chief Justice for first time obtained view of House from novel point of vantage.

Owing to spread of complications, supply of Ambassadors accustomed to repair of Diplomatic Gallery restricted. No room for Germany to-day. Absent, too, the popular figure of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, familiar these many years in London Society. Russia, Spain, Sweden and Greece were there in the persons of their representatives; and Belgium, conscious that words about to be uttered were big with her fate.

The sight they looked down upon was strange and moving. Setting of scene worthy of drama which finds no full parallel in world's history. Keen eyes accustomed to study potentialities of nations discerned in the gathering a new portentous fact. A week ago to-day political parties in House of Commons preserved customary attitude of hostility. Across the floor they snapped at each other distrust and dislike. Long-brooding revolt of armed forces in Ireland had leaped into flame. Mob and military had come to blows. Victims of the affray lay dead in the streets of Dublin. In the House rancour between Unionists and Home Rulers increasingly bitter.

Here was opportunity for loyal and trusted friend on the Continent to play long-planned game. England's difficulty was Germany's opportunity. Swiftly, unscrupulously, taken advantage of.

Foreign Representatives to-day beheld a startling transformation. Party lines obliterated. Leader of the Opposition, whose conduct throughout crisis has been splendidly patriotic, rallied his forces to the side of Ministers.

"Whatever steps they think it necessary to take for the honour and security of this country," he said amid burst of general cheering, "they can rely upon the unhesitating support of the Opposition."

This attitude, in full accordance with highest tradition of British Party politics, not unexpected. Glad surprise followed when John Redmond assured the Government they might forthwith withdraw from Ireland every man of their troops.

"The coasts of Ireland," he added, "will be defended from foreign invasion by our armed sons. For this purpose Nationalist Catholics in the

CANADA!

Ypres, April 22-24, 1915.

South will be only too glad to join hands with armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North."

" The last time I saw rows of chairs brought in and set down on floor of the House for convenience of Members who could not find room elsewhere," mused the Member for Sark, looking on from one of the side galleries, " was in 1886, when Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Twelve months earlier, under guidance of Land League, Ireland was in a parlous state. Coercion Act in full force. Jails thronged with patriots convicted under its rigorous clauses. Still there were left at liberty enough to maim cattle and shoot at landlords. If Germany had happened to step in at that epoch it would have been a perilous time for England. The House of Commons after many years' hesitation has offered to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland and this is Ireland's first articulate response. Her Nationalists range themselves with Ulster by the side of Great Britain threatened by a foreign foe."

Business done.—Foreign Secretary, amid prolonged cheers, announces that England means to stand by France in the coming war, and will fulfil her Treaty obligations to Belgium.

Tuesday.—Rising from Treasury Bench Premier walked down House as if he were about to leave it by glass door. Reaching the Bar he halted and turned about to face crowded benches watching him with quickened anxiety. Grave events have within the last few days made him the Herald of War. What might be this new missive he held in his hand ?

" A message from His Majesty," he said, " signed by his own hand."

Advancing to Table he handed document to the Clerk who passed it on to Speaker. All heads were bared as Message was read. It announced that Proclamation would forthwith issue mobilising the Regular Army and embodying Territorial Forces.

This the significant supplement to statement made by Premier immediately on Speaker taking the Chair. It told how telegram had that morning been sent to German Government demanding assurance of maintenance of Belgian neutrality.

" We have asked," said the Premier as quietly as if he were mentioning request for early reply to a dinner invitation, " that a satisfactory answer shall be given before midnight."

House knew what that meant. On the stroke of midnight Great Britain and Germany would be at war.

A cheer almost fierce in its intensity approved the epoch-making challenge. The House knew that England's hands were clean ; that she was spotlessly free from responsibility for the slaughter and sorrow, the destruction of prosperous cities, the devastation of fruitful lands, the breaking-up of Empires, that might follow on Germany's final jack-booting of the emissary of peace.

Since the danger-signal was flung out by thrusting to the front the puppet figure of aged Austrian Emperor making ponderous attack on little Servia,

THE CRACK OF DOOM

(January 12, 1916)

It was settled early in 1916 that there should be compulsory service in Britain.

HELD!

(May 31, 1916)

The German efforts to capture Verdun failed in spite of the desperate energy put into them.

dward Grey, representing a Ministry supported by a loyal Parliament and a nited Kingdom, has night and day been tireless in effort to avert war. If ielded to, such interference would be fatal to plans, diligently elaborated in e dark over a period of months, probably a full year, by our old friend and equent guest, the German Emperor.

Accordingly, after maintaining till last moment favourite disguise of peace-naker " on easy terms with Heaven," William, innocent sufferer by " the menace of France," throws aside the cloak.

House of Commons' immediate response was to pass in five minutes all outstanding votes for Army, Navy and Civil Services amounting to £104,642,055.

Business done.—Premier announces dispatch of ultimatum to Berlin and imperative demand for answer before midnight.

Wednesday.—Benches less crowded than hitherto during week of tumultuous interest. Explanation forthcoming in fact that something like a hundred Members belonging to Territorial Service have buckled on their armour and responded to call of mobilisation.

Premier's announcement that " since eleven o'clock last night a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves " hailed with deep-throated cheer. Its volume nothing compared with that which burst forth when he concluded statement with casual remark that to-morrow he will move a Vote of Credit for one hundred millions sterling. Had he mentioned the sum as an instalment paid in advance by Germany on account of war indemnity House couldn't have been more jubilant.

Byles of Bradford uneasy in regard to Bill introduced by Home Secretary authorising imposition of restrictions upon aliens in time of war or great emergency. Thinks it might cause inconvenience to worthy persons. Otherwise Government receive unanimous support for various legislative proposals rendered necessary by state of war.

Chancellor of Exchequer reports conclusions arrived at in conference of leading bankers and manufacturers met at the Treasury to consider best way of grappling with unprecedented financial situation created by events of past fortnight. Happy thought to include in invitation his predecessor at the Treasury. In accordance with patriotic spirit obliterating party animosity, Son Austen promptly accepted invitation. Gives valuable assistance o Lloyd George in recommending proposals to appreciative House.

In short, whatever may be happening in Belgium or the North Sea, Millennium reigns at Westminster.

Business done.—Many Bills advanced by various stages.

Thursday.—In moving Vote of Credit for one hundred million sterling Premier wholesomely lets himself go in comment on the " infamous proposal " f Germany that for a mess of pottage (extremely thin) England should betray er ally, France. Crowded House loudly sympathised with righteous indignation.

Fresh burst of cheering when he pays finely phrased tribute to Edwa Grey, as the " Peacemaker of Europe."

Captain Lord Dalrymple of the Scots Guards lends opportune gleam martial splendour to bench where he sits arrayed in khaki uniform that h seen service in the Boer War. The Premier's eye catching a glimpse of he with great presence of mind asked for authority to strengthen the arm by an additional half-million of men.

In its present mood the House denies him nothing.

(*August 12, 1914*)

That Britain was fighting for the " scrap of paper," the Treaty guaranteeing Belgium from invasion, was firmly upheld:

Pro Patria

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Stedfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best;
So best confirm their prowess and the pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this hi test
Our fortunes we confide.

PRO PATRIA

A tribute to woman's work in War-time

(January 26, 1916)

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL (*June 21, 1916*)

"THE STEAM-ROLLER"

AUSTRIA. "I say, you know, you're exceeding the speed limit!"

(*June 28, 1916*)

The Russian advance in June 1916 gained a good deal of ground from Austria.

THE NEW CONDUCTOR

Opening of the 1917 Overture.

(*December 20, 1916*

Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister towards the end of 1916, displacing Mr. Asquith

THE RUMOURISTS

FIRST ASS. "And I have it on the best authority."
SECOND ASS. "Incredible!" [*Goes off and repeats it.*]

(*April 4, 1917*)

At the time this appeared alarming gossip was more than usually rife.

AMERICA'S YEAR

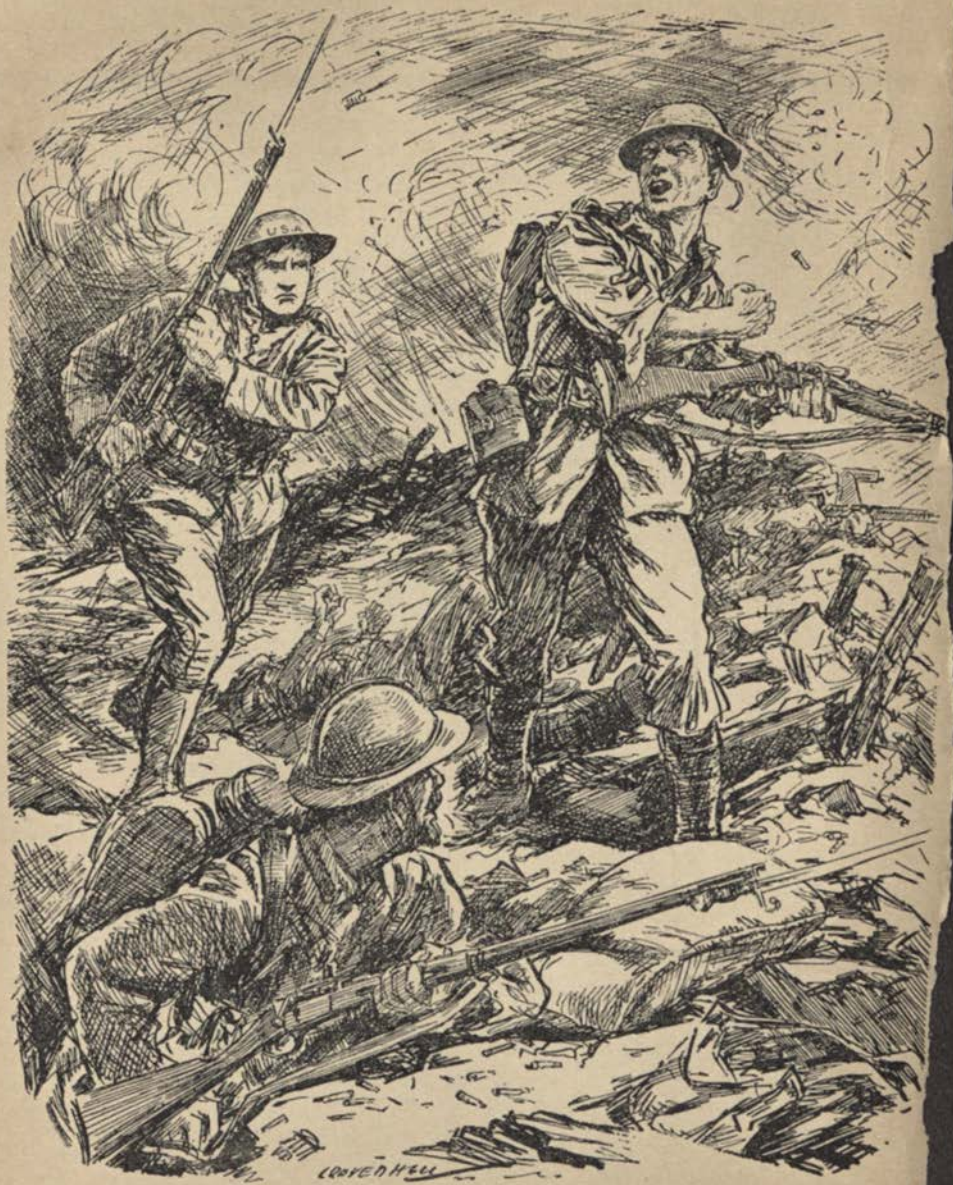
France welcomes the Heirs of the Pilgrim Fathers.

(*Mr. Punch's Almanack, 1918*)

THE FOURTH OF JULY
1776–1918

JOHN BULL. "'Doth not a meeting like this make amends?'"
UNCLE SAM. "Sure!"

(July 3, 1918)



America to the Front

[In view of the present needs of the Allies, America has not waited to complete the independent organisation of her Army, but has sent her troops forward to be brigaded with British and French units.]

(*April 10, 1918*)

THE SANDS RUN OUT

(*November 13, 1918*)

The gradual return to peace habits and occupations during the years which followed the Armistice gave many opportunities for humour :

Stages

1914

MR. SMITH (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors) sat in his office awaiting his confidential clerk. There was a rattle as of castanets outside the door. It was produced by the teeth of the confidential clerk, Mr. Adolphus Brown.

Mr. Smith was a martinet . . .

1915

Second-Lieutenant A. Brown was drilling his platoon. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of the platoon.

Adolphus was a martinet . . .

1916

The raiding party hurled itself into the trench, headed by an officer of ferocious mien. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of the 180th Regiment of Landsturmers, awaiting destruction.

Adolphus fell upon them . . .

1917

Captain A. Brown, M.C., on leave, sat by his fireside. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of Adolphus, Junior.

Daddy had changed . . .

1918

Major A. Brown, D.S.O., M.C. (on permanent Home Service), was awaiting the next case. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of No. 45012 Private Smith (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors), called up in his group and late for parade.

Adolphus was famous for severity . . .

1919

Mr. (late Major) Adolphus Brown stood outside the door of Mr. (late No. 45012) Smith (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors). There was a rattle as of castanets . . .

On which side of the door ?

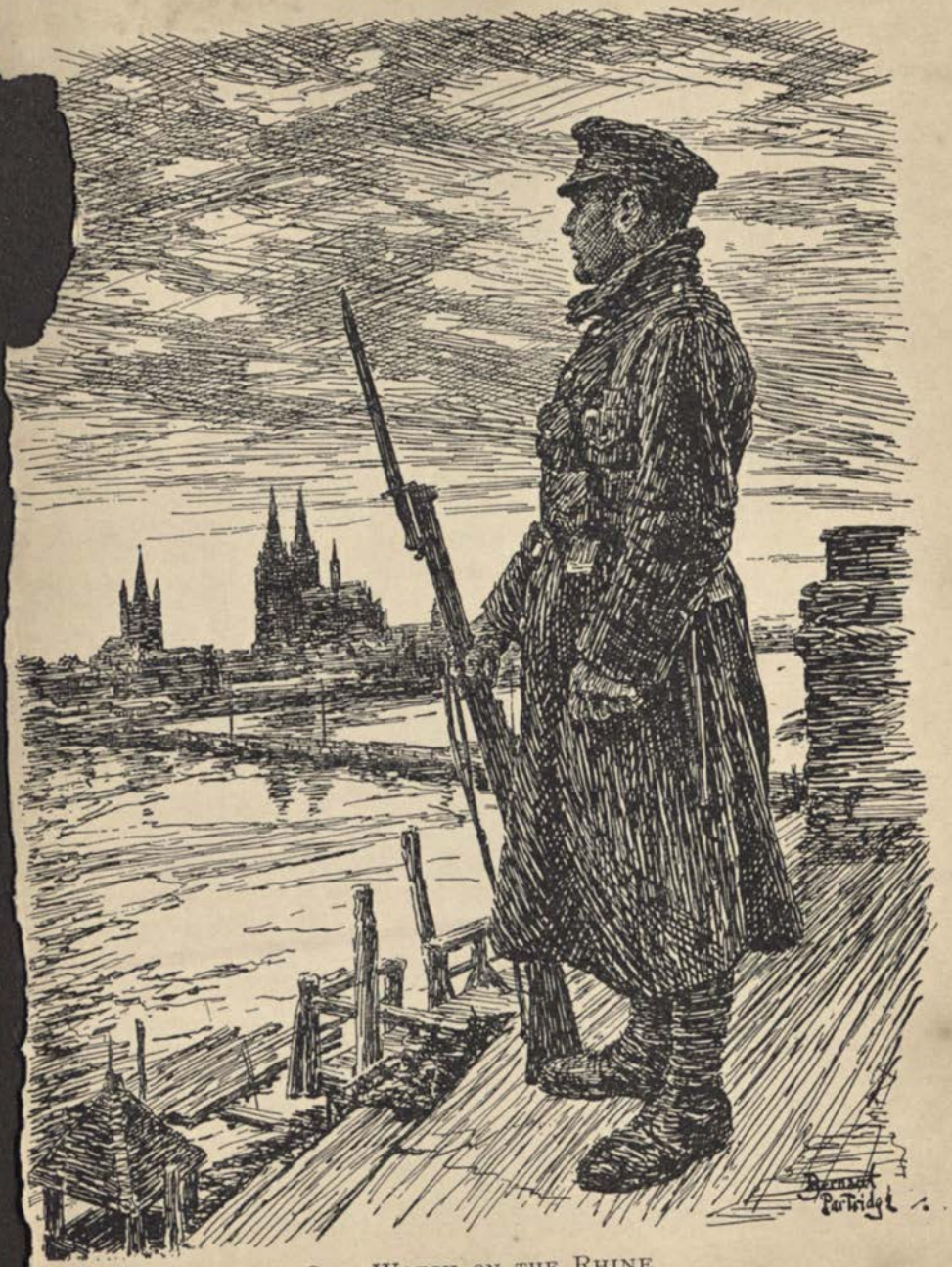
Both.

The Passing of the Whitehall Flapper

A FAREWELL FROM A DEPARTMENTAL HEAD

[The Prime Minister, in a letter to the various Government Offices, has pointed out to heads of departments that unless they remove superfluous employees they will have to be removed themselves.]

NOW for the last time, on official duty,
The powdered joy-puff to your nose apply ;
And through the mist of tears that veil its beauty
Give me, for this last time, the old glad eye ;



OUR WATCH ON THE RHINE *(December 18, 1918)*

Never again, fulfilled of tea and crumpet,
Here through your prattling lips shall laughter flow ;
Lloyd George has spoken (almost like a trumpet),
And you have got to go.
Farewell ! the happy, happy, times are over !
But please don't put this down to me, my dears ;

I would have kept you on like p clover,
Steadily on for years and ye years ;
I had no option—just a mome doubt,
Then conscience showed me w right course lay ;
" *Kick*," said the Voice from D
" *or be kicked out !*"
And I arranged to sta

Verses addressed to the Army bankers, Cox & Company, found an echo in the breasts of great many officers, permanent and temporary :

16, Charing Cross

WHILE all around fit tributes are awarded
From grateful heart and unreluctant tongue,
I take it ill you should go unrecorded,
Unhonoured and unsung.

And since henceforth (like Willie) we shall miss you,
Honour, I pray, in token of our thanks,
This draught my humble Muse has deign'd to issue
Drawn on Parnassus' banks.

In days ere yet we gained our first commission
Your classic names were all too rarely heard,
But these five years have altered the position—
You 're now a household word.

For when at duty's call we went to seek a
New sphere of life by land or sea or air
In Mespot, Flanders, France or Salonica,
You kept us in your care.

And at your hands the sportsman and the rotter
Would equally receive allowance due ;

When nations shook and thrones bega to totter,
You kept our balance true.

No end of books (a plague on all tha write 'em !)
We've been constrained to scan with little zest ;
Not so with yours—there each absorbing item
Was charged with interest.

And so I thought, as no one else has sai it,
I'd try, old pals, to pen a humble lin
To say how much we put down to you credit
(You might put more to mine !

Of your polite attentions this account
I trust not seriously overdrawn ;
Our gratitude 's no lively sense of bounti
In days that yet shall dawn,

For now through you, alas ! no furthe tin comes
The best of friends must say good-bye and so
For all you added (monthly) to o incomes
Here's to you, Cox and Co. !

1914

1916

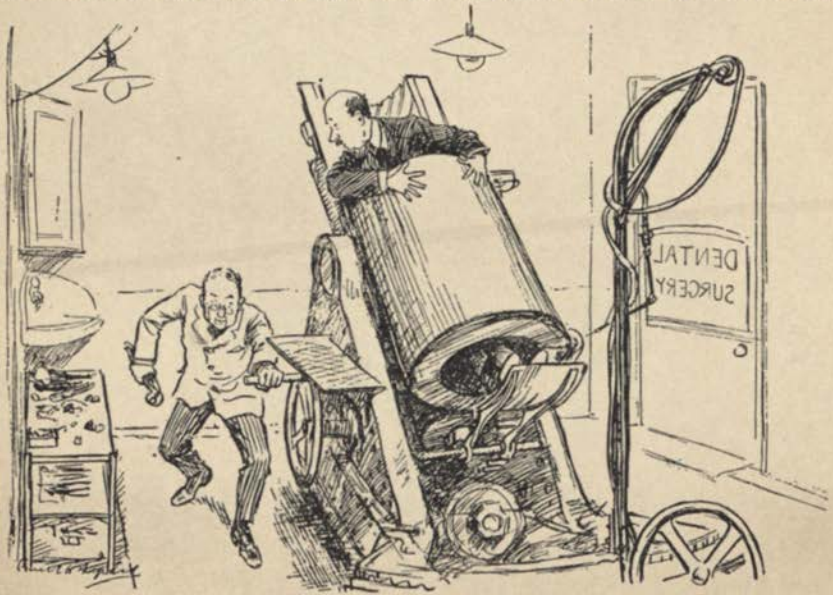
1919

THAT "DEMOBILISED" FEELING

(*January 15, 1919*)

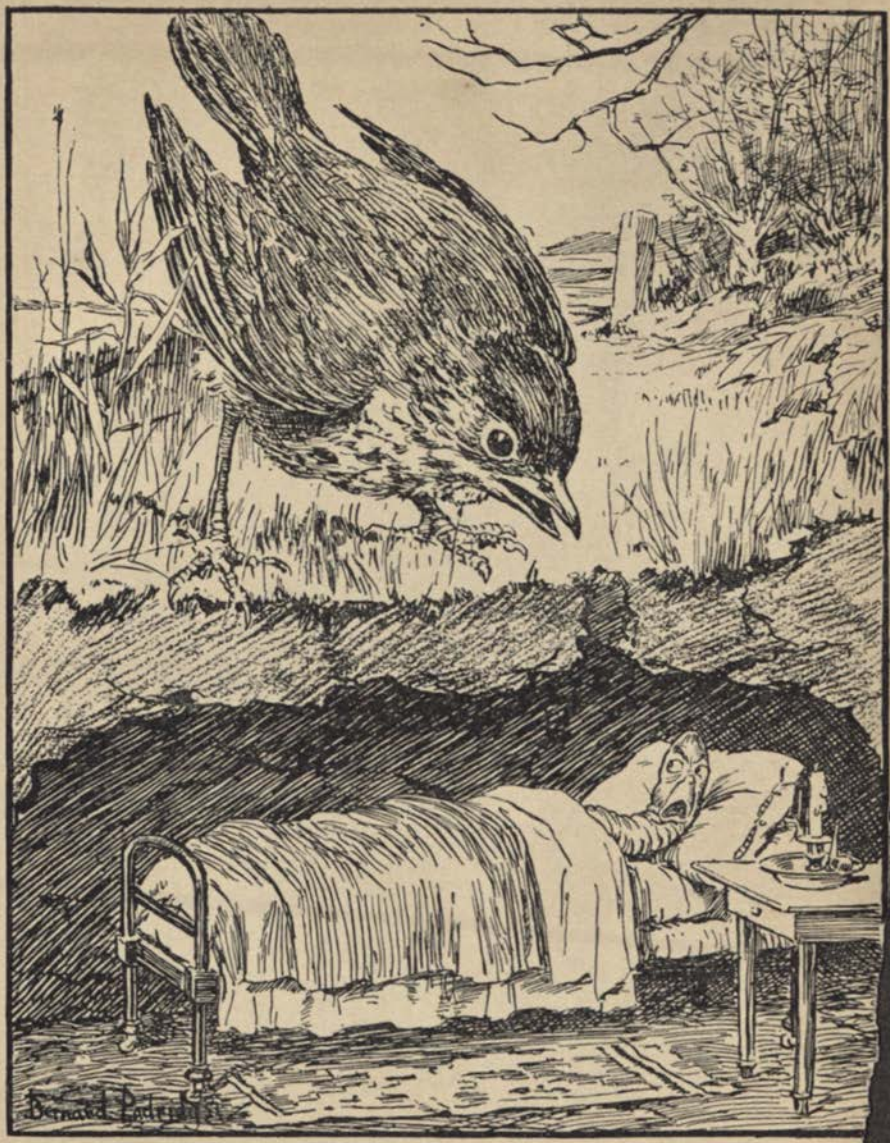
PROPRIETOR (*to assistant recently released from the Army*). "Why, whatever made you offer to send the goods home for her? Any fool could tell you 've been out of civilisation during the War." (*February 12, 1919*)

SURPLUS AEROPLANE PROPELLERS FOR VENTILATING RESTAURANTS



OBSOLESCENT HOWITZERS FOR DENTISTS' CHAIRS

(Mr. Punch's Almanack, 1920)



THE BREAKFAST HOUR: A FORECAST

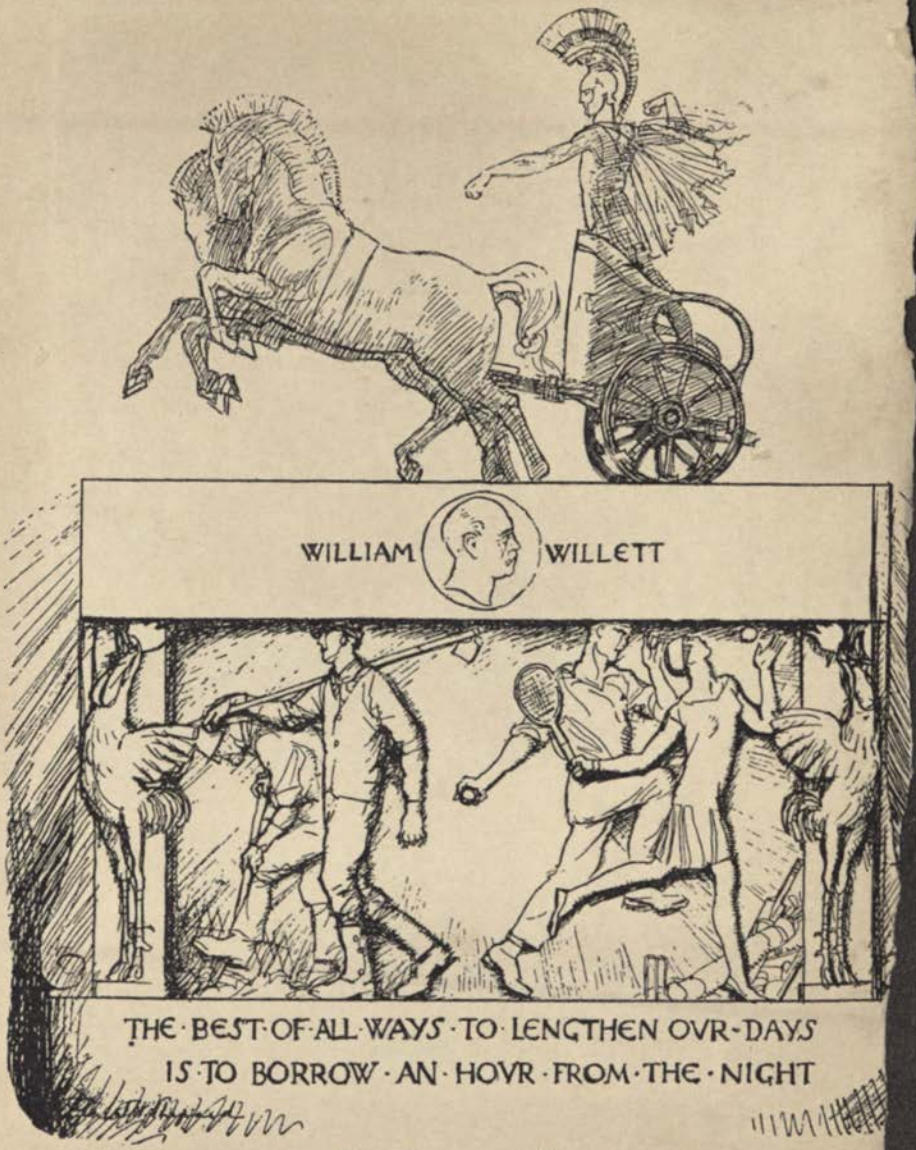
EARLY WORM. "Confound this Daylight Saving Bill! Here's the early bird hour earlier than usual. I shall have to hurry up, or I shan't get caught!"

Although talked of in 1909, when this was published, the Bill was not made law until 1

THE DAYLIGHT-SHORTENING BILL

This is the farmer all forlorn
Who begged the cop to alter the morn
That worried the cow with the crumpled horn.

ven in 1922 there were still complaints about it. Mr. Edward Shortt was then Home tary and is here shown as the Constable.



THE SUNLIGHT SAVER

Mr. Punch, in gratitude to the late Mr. Willett, ventures to suggest a desi for the proposed Memorial.

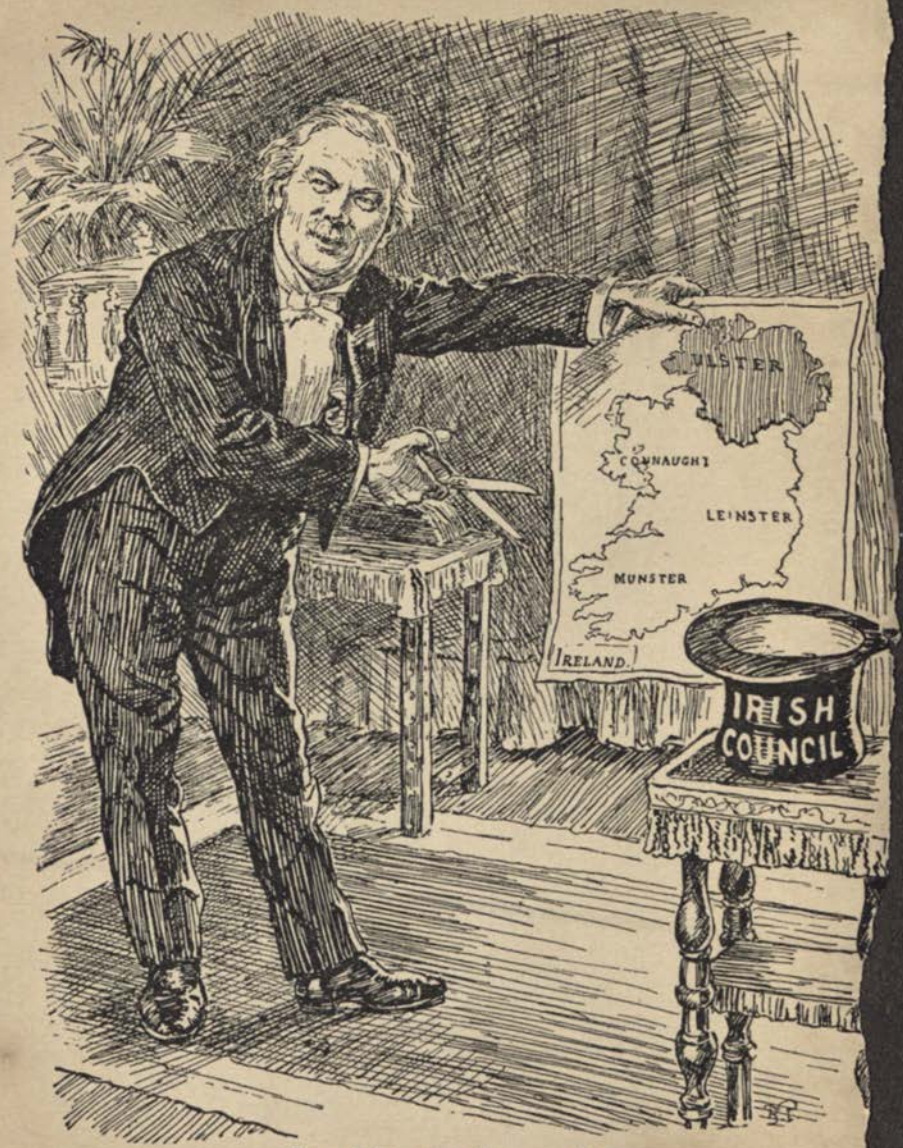
In 1925 when commemorating the man who thought of Daylight Saving was be cussed " Punch " published this.

THE 1919 MODEL

R. PUNCH. "They've given you a fine new machine, Mr. Premier, and you've plenty of spirit; but look out for bumps."

(*January 1, 1919*)

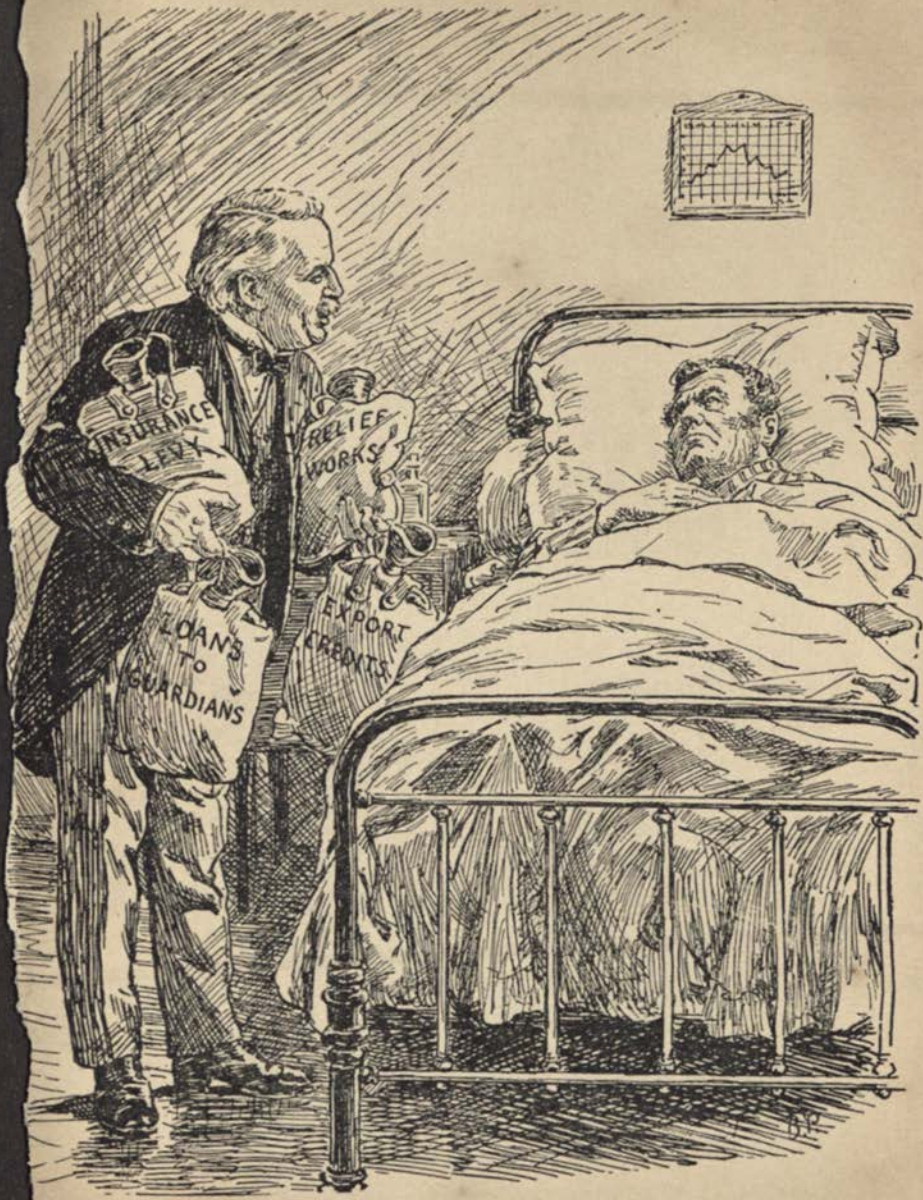
the 1918 General Election Mr. Lloyd George obtained for his Coalition Government a rge majority.



THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL

WELSH WIZARD. "I now proceed to cut this map into two parts and place th in the hat. After a suitable interval they will be found to have come together their own accord—(*aside*)—at least let's hope so; I've never done this t before." (*March 10, 1*

Mr. Lloyd George made efforts to settle the Irish difficulty.



ALLEVIATION'S ARTFUL AID

DR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to Sufferer from Unemployment Epidemic*). "I don't say se four hot-water bottles will absolutely cure you, but they should relieve trouble; and anyhow they're better than hot air."

(*October 26, 1921*)

LE BIENVENU

(*December 18, 19*

President Wilson arrived in Europe towards the end of 1918 to take part in the
Conference and was welcomed with enthusiasm in France. The sailors carry his " fo
points."

A HOME FROM HOME

PRESIDENT WILSON (*quitting America in his Fourteen-League-of-Nations Boots*). "It's time I was getting back to a hemisphere where I really *am* appreciated."

(*March 5, 1919*)

The President returned to the United States for a short time in the spring and found that policy was not as popular as he had expected it to be.

Pink Georgette

OYCE, at breakfast that morning, had announced firmly that if I really oved her I would take the pattern up to town with me and " see what I ıld do." What she failed to realise was that, if I ventured alone into the t of so intimately feminine a world as Bibby and Renns' for the purpose ıtching stuff called Pink Georgette, I should become practically incapable ›ing anything at all.

he only redeeming feature about the whole nerve-racking business was he found me as soon as he did.

Good afternoon, Sir," he said in a most ingratiating voice. " What can ıve the pleasure of showing you, Sir ? "

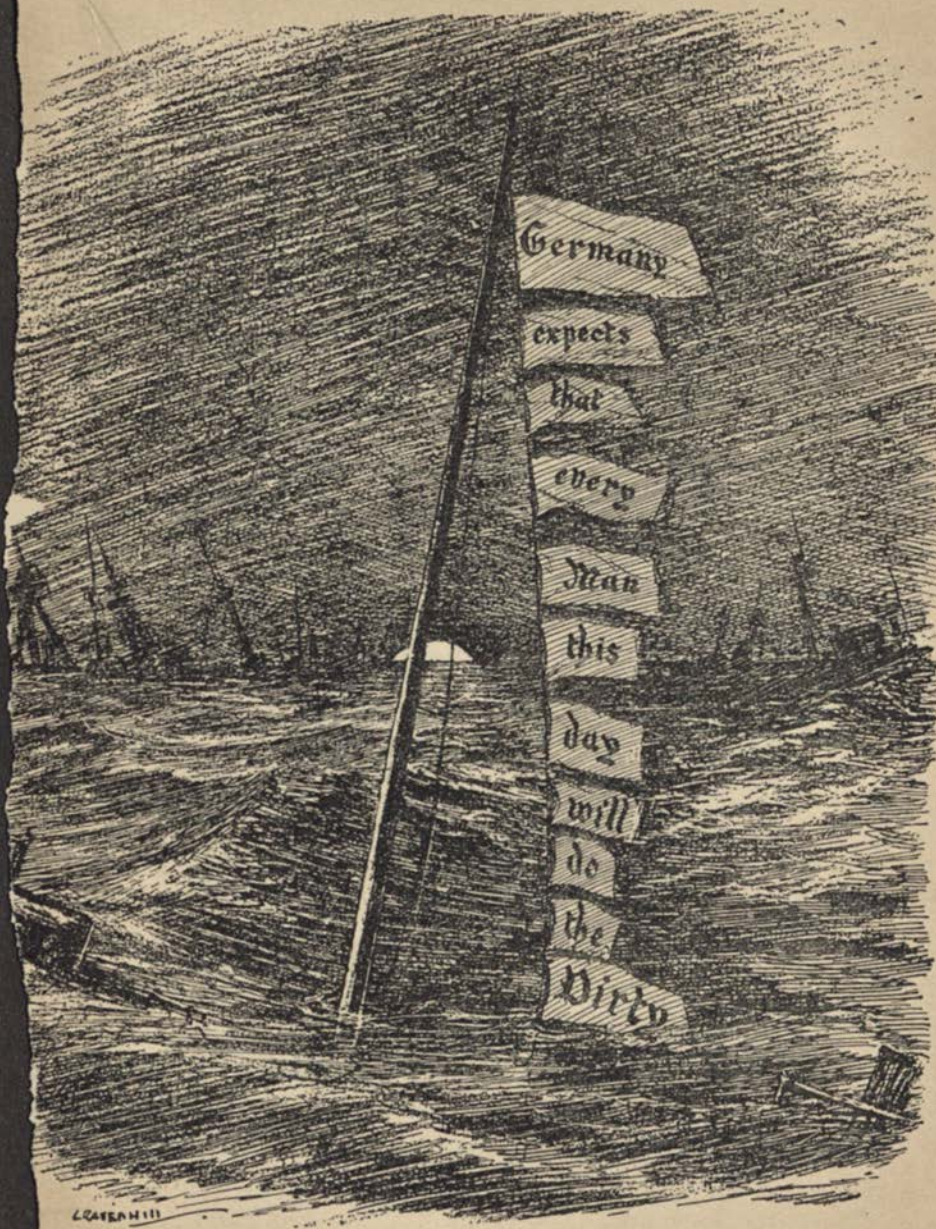
e was tall and handsome, with a perfectly waxed moustache and a ıess frock-coat. He bowed before me with a sort of solicitous curve to

(*Continued in p. 172*)

FAITH RESTORED

MR. PUNCH. "Stands Robert where he did? Good! I was afraid for a mom
that my idol had feet of clay." (*June 11, 19*

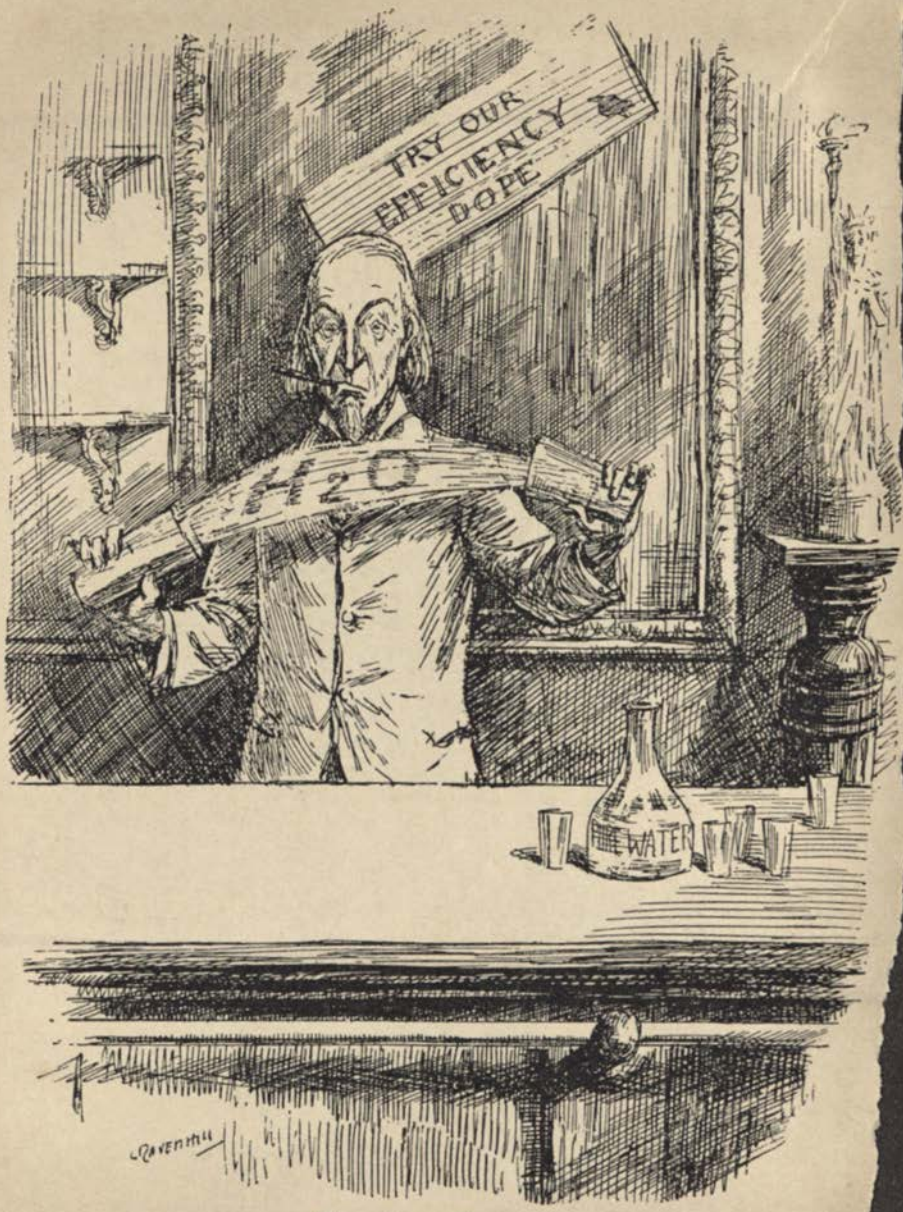
A police strike took place in 1919 which resulted in the recognition of the Police Uni



THE END OF A PERFECT "TAG"

(Scapa Flow, June 21, 1919) (*July 2, 1919*)

The German Fleet in captivity was sunk by its commanders.



THE NEW COCKTAIL

UNCLE SAM. "That's the stuff to give 'em!"

(*July 9, 191*

Prohibition came in throughout the United States in the Summer of 1919. It was a con and appalling failure and came to an end in 1933.

THE BEACON LIGHT

Lord Robert Cecil is taking a leading part in the campaign for making the ects of the League of Nations better understood. The campaign opened on anniversary of the Armistice.] (*November 12, 1919*)

is was the beginning of the long efforts made by Lord Cecil of Chelwood for the strengthen- the League.

THE CAP OF LIBERTY: LE DERNIER CRI

EGYPTIAN SPHINX. "How does it suit my style?"
THE LORD HIGH MILNER. "Well, I may be prejudiced in favour of my own creation, but I think it most becoming."

(*September 8, 1920*)

The Milner Reforms in Egypt were an outstanding feature of 1920.

his broad shoulders, and the way he massaged one hand with the other had a highly soothing effect.

"Pink georgette, Sir? Certainly, Sir." To my inexpressible relief he seemed to consider it the most likely request in the world.

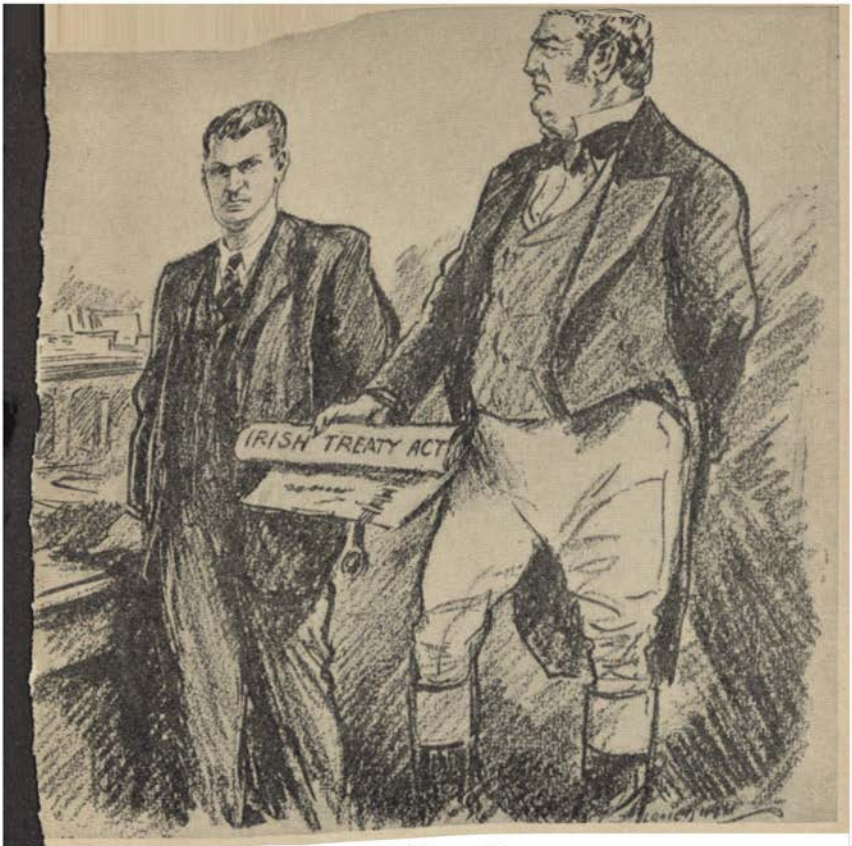
A moment before I had been drifting hopelessly, in a state of most acute self-consciousness. But with him to guide me I set off quite boldly.

At what proved to be exactly the right spot he paused.

"Miss Robinson," he called; "pink georgette."

With a polite introductory wave of the hand he motioned me toward the lady. He hovered about, near by, whilst I opened the bit of tissue-paper containing the pattern and murmured my needs to Miss Robinson. His presence gave me confidence.

When it was all over he came up and led me away. As we emerged into the stronger light near the door I peered at him closely. Then I touched him on the arm and beckoned him behind a couple of Paris models.



FULL WARRANT

JOHN BULL. "About this Border trouble. I see Ulster keeping her people loyally under control. Why can't you do the same on your side?"

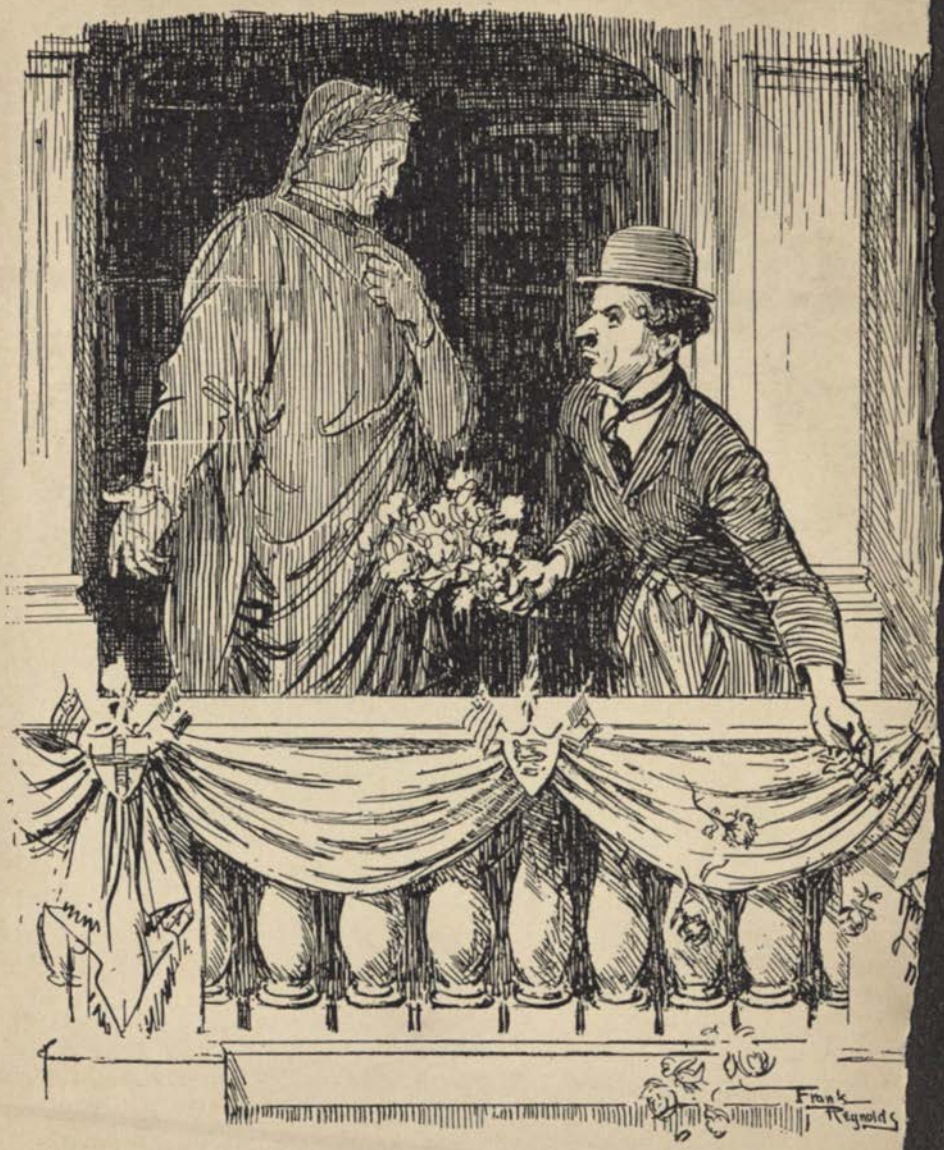
MR. MICHAEL COLLINS. "I've had no real authority."

JOHN BULL. "Well, here it is. Now use it."

(*March 29, 1922*)

took hold of his hand and wrung it fervently.

Sergeant Steel," I said, " you always *did* have the knack of being in ly the right spot at the right moment. I haven't set eyes on you since very hot day in '16, when you brought up the remnants of 14 platoon ulled me out of that tight corner at Guillemont. That was a valuable work, Sergeant, but nothing to this—simply nothing!"



HERO-WORSHIP

DANTE (*on the sixth centenary of his death*). "Very gratifying, this concourse
honour of the author of the 'Divine Comedy.'"

CHARLIE. "I'm sorry; but I'm afraid it's because they think I'm a div
comedian." (*September 21, 19*

**The popularity of Charlie Chaplin, the famous film comedian, rose to its height abo
period.**

CHARLIMANIA

Embarrassing situation for a harmless city gentleman possessed of baggy trousers and endowed by Nature with splay feet.

(*September 21, 1921*)

The solicitous curve had straightened out from his broad shoulders. His .ds had ceased their soothing massage. His heels were together, his arms 'd to his sides, his eyes glaring at a fixed point directly over the top of my l.

Thought it was you, Sir, as soon as I saw you. But of course I wasn't ; to say anything till you did." It was not the ingratiating voice now, that rasping half-whisper he always used for nocturnal conferences in .ont line. "Never heard anything of you, Sir, since you went down a Blighty after Guillemont. Beg your pardon, Sir, but you looked a indy as you came in just now, so I thought I'd keep in support. . . . ir, got my ticket last month—only been back on my old job a fortnight." apped the parcel that Miss Robinson's own fair hands had made up for

his a good issue, Sergeant?" I said. "Sound and reliable and all "

ouldn't be better, Sir. I had my eye on her. We only drew it our- lately. That's the stuff to give 'em. You can safely carry on with

(*January 4, 192*

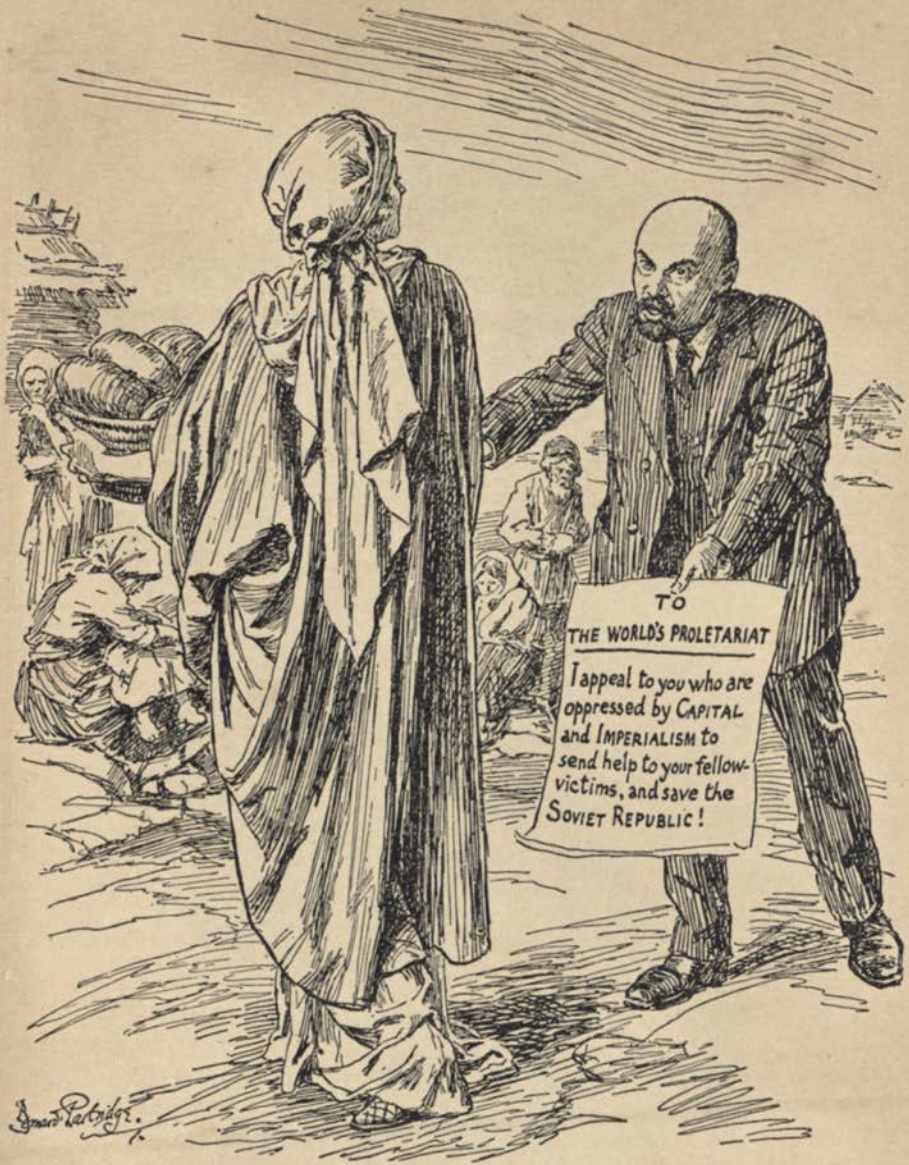
At the Washington Disarmament Conference the naval supremacy of Great Britain recognised as belonging to the past.

that, Sir . . . a perfect match . . . exquisite blending of colour . . . art shades are to be very fashionable this season, I assure you, Sir."

Imperceptibly his hands had resumed their massage, the solicitous had returned to his broad shoulders, his voice was ingratiating again.

"We have a large range of all the daintiest materials. I belie charmeuse, ninons and crêpe-de-Chines to be unrivalled in town, Sir. damp under foot to-day, Sir, but warmer, I think—distinctly warmer Sir. Thank you, Sir. *Good* day, Sir."

And Sergeant Steel (D.C.M. and four chevrons) bowed me into the


TO
THE WORLD'S PROLETARIAT
I appeal to you who are oppressed by CAPITAL and IMPERIALISM to send help to your fellow-victims, and save the SOVIET REPUBLIC!

THE CLAIM OF HUMANITY

LENIN. "Ah! So you have come in response to my appeal, to save the Soviet Republic?"

CHARITY. "No; I have come to save its victims—and in spite of your appeal."

(*August 17, 1921*)

An appalling famine in the Volga provinces led to great efforts in aid of the victims.

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS

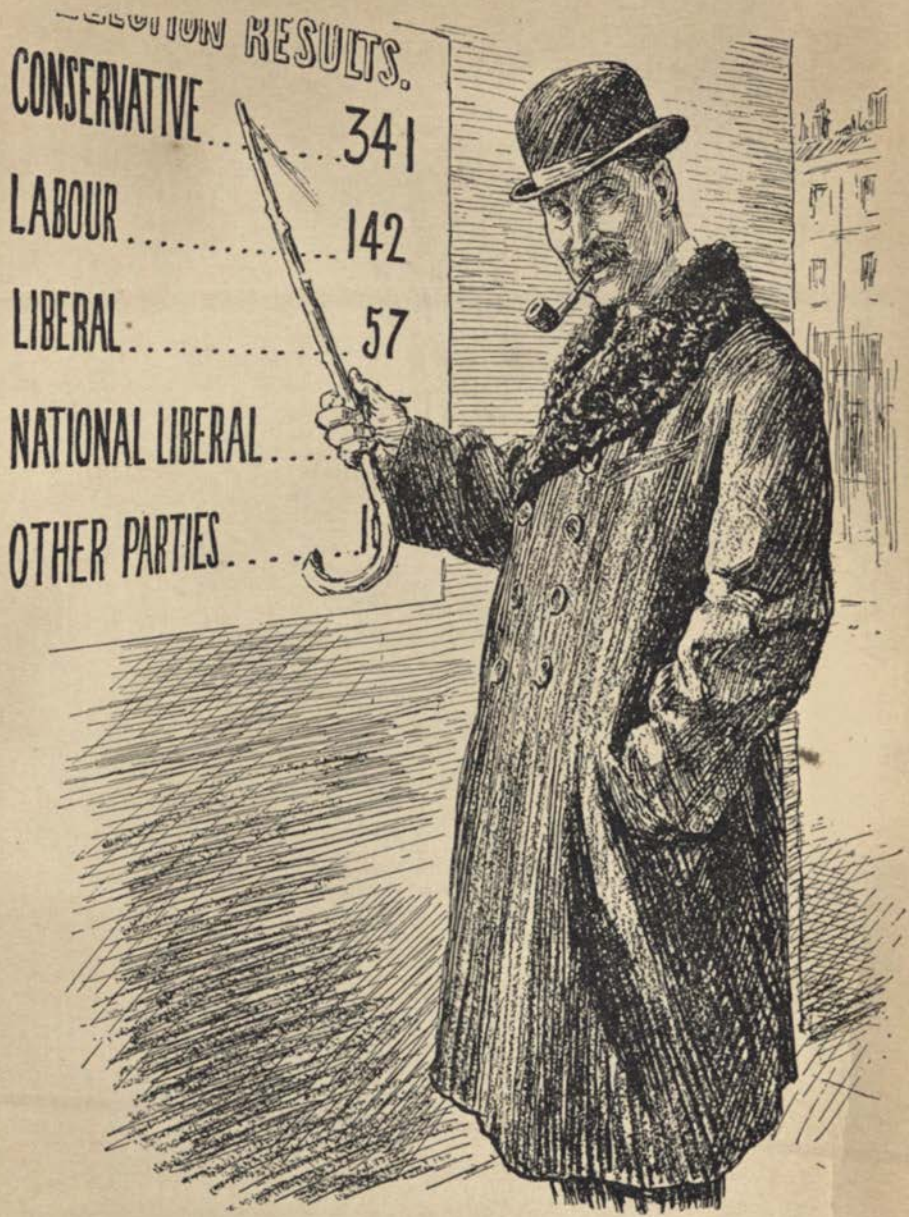
ST. DAVID (*supplementing the work of St. Patrick*). "There goes the last and the worst of them." (*December 14, 1921*)

THE RESPONSIBLES

MR. MONTAGU (*to Mr. Gandhi*). "It looks as if one of us would have to go."
JOHN BULL. "Why not both?"

(*February 22, 1922*)

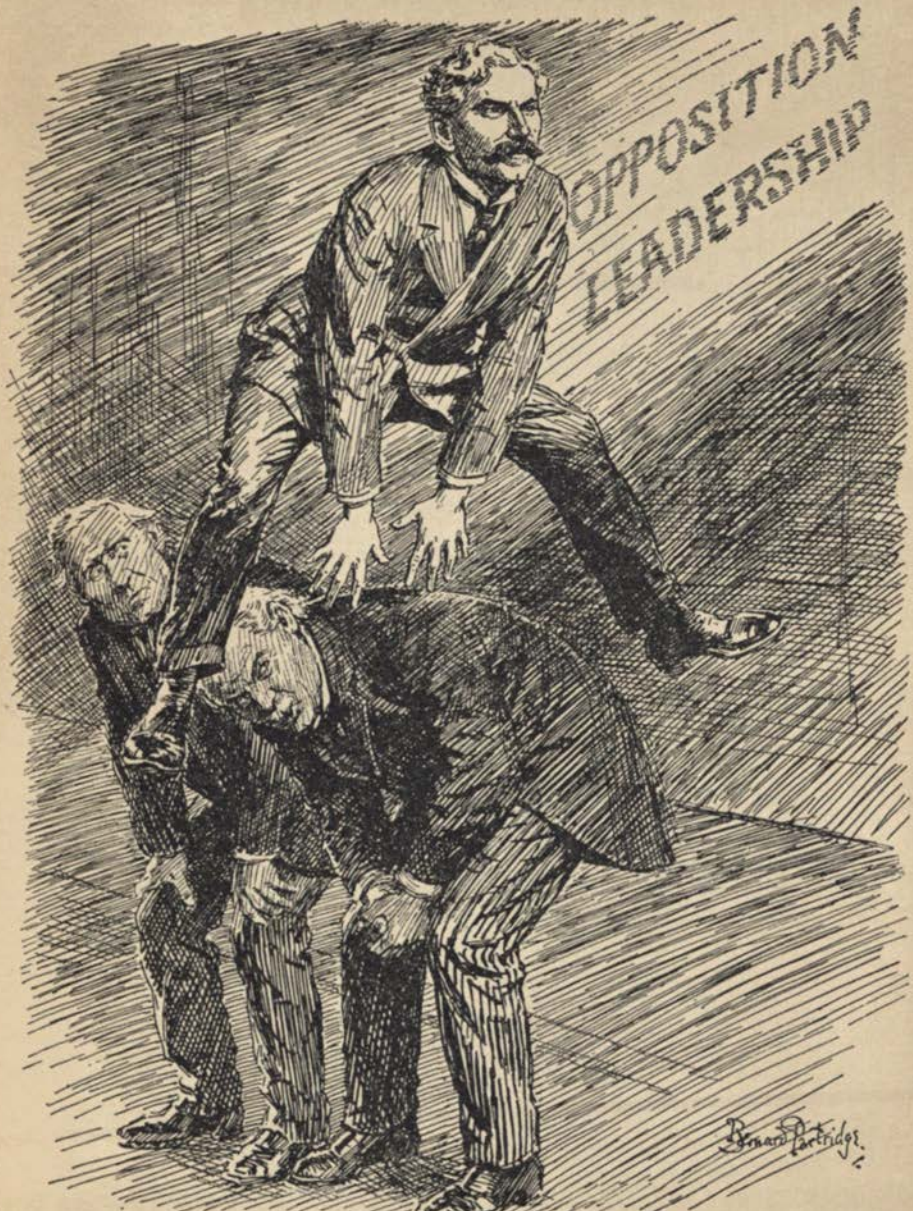
The Coalition Government was unpopular for many reasons, its Indian policy being one of them.



THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF

A first step to tranquillity. (*November 22, 1922*)

Bonar Law, the Conservative Leader, was attacked not only by Liberal and Labour but by some on his own side. But, in spite of all attacks, he was given a majority and became Prime Minister.



INTO THE LIMELIGHT

(*November 29, 1922*)

The Liberals now ceased to be the official opposition. Labour, under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, took their place.

The seizure of power in Italy by Mussolini and his Black Shirts took place in 1923. Mr. Punch was at first resolute in his disapproval :

To the New All-Highest

" I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! "

TILL yesteryear was at the fall,
We hadn't heard of you at all ;
And now we see your headpiece rise,
Swollen beyond the normal size,
And come in contact with the skies,
Mussolini.

Greece was your chance—a broken land,
With never a friend to hold her hand ;
Bled white and starved with war on war,
You found on her defenceless shore
The chance that you were looking for,
Mussolini.

Your ships that cleared Taranto Bay
(No risk of enemies in the way)—
How gallantly they faced the breeze,
Fearlessly dared the vacant seas,
And butchered little refugees,
Mussolini !

"Now that the excitement seems to have finally died down, I wonder if you can tell me what *was* that joke about beavers?"

(*January 3, 1923*)

A favourite joke of the after-war years was to hail beards with cries of " Beaver." A game of points was invented to be won by the player who saw most beards.

THE DEBTORS

(*August 9, 1922*)

Already, before Mr. Baldwin's settlement of the debt to America, there existed the feeling which found expression in this cartoon.

An act of peace, so you allege,
Merely a plain blood-money " pledge " ;
And none must hint with cynic face
How for a useful naval base
Corfu would be a likely place,
Mussolini.

Still, there it lies at Hadria's gate,
Conveniently situate ;
With Wilhelm's Palace (grand sea-view),
Which seems the very thing for you
Now you've become a War-Lord too,
Mussolini.

What if a Judges' bench disputes
The passage of your seven-league boots ?
With fine contempt may you deride
A single League, who in your pride
Can cope with six more at a stride,
Mussolini.

Signor Oracolo opes his jaw ;
" Silence," he says, " ye dogs of Law !
Not that your barking could avail
To drown my Black Shirts' ' Hail, O hail !'
(Endorsement by ' The Daily Mail '),"
Mussolini.

Fast bound by Garibaldi's spell,
Long have we loved your country well ;
What thinks he, in his patriot sleep,
Of this performance, loud and cheap,
That makes the friends of Italy weep,
Mussolini ?

(*September 12, 1923*)

THE SECOND EFFORT

GERMAN GOOSE. "Is *that* any better?" (*June 13, 1923*)

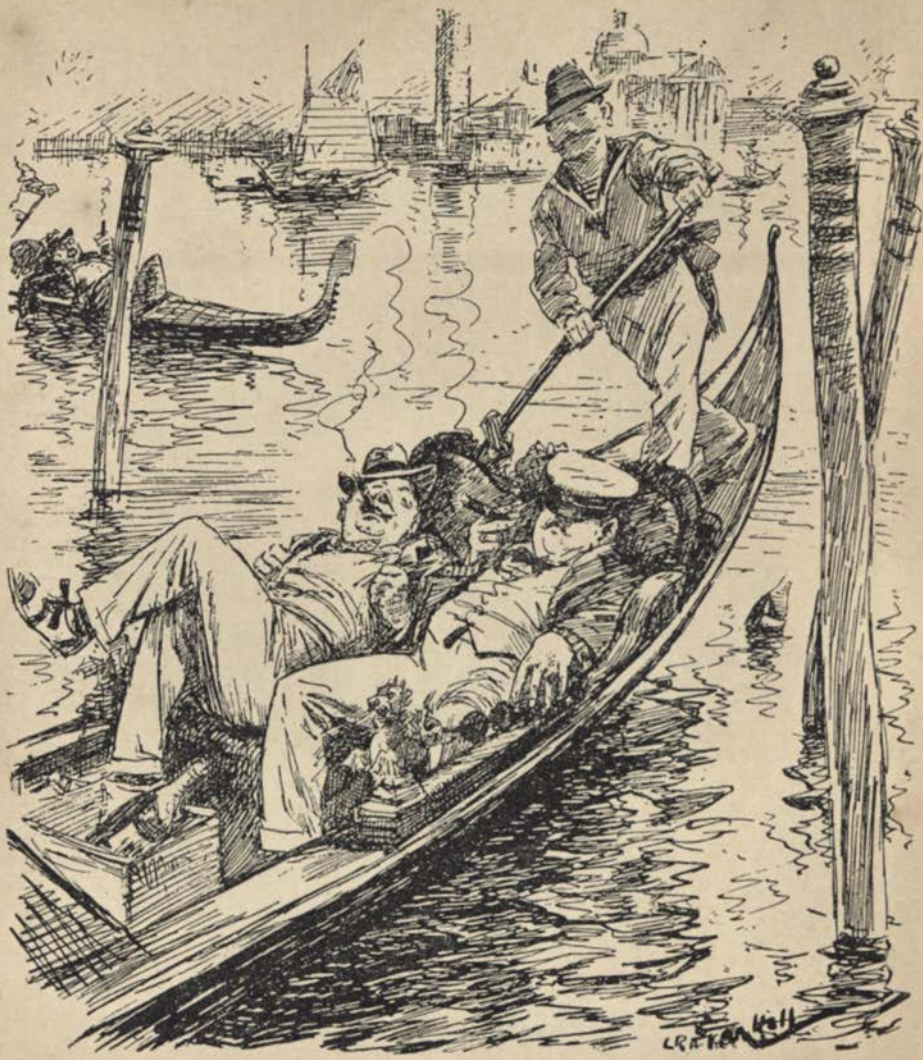
Mr. Baldwin, Prime Minister after Bonar Law's death, joined with M. Poincaré in trying to " make Germany pay," but all efforts were vain.

THE EXCHANGE ASYLUM

ROUBLE. "What's your name?"
MARK. "Mark."
ROUBLE. "What are you doing?"
MARK. "Falling."
ROUBLE. "What's your face value?"
MARK. "A shilling."
ROUBLE. "What are you worth now?"
MARK. "Twenty million to the pound."
ROUBLE. "Come inside."
FRANC (*nervously*). "I'm not feeling too sane myself."

(*August 15, 1923*)

The downward rush of the mark in 1922–23 made the situation worse and the conviction gained ground that all Reparations should be wiped out.

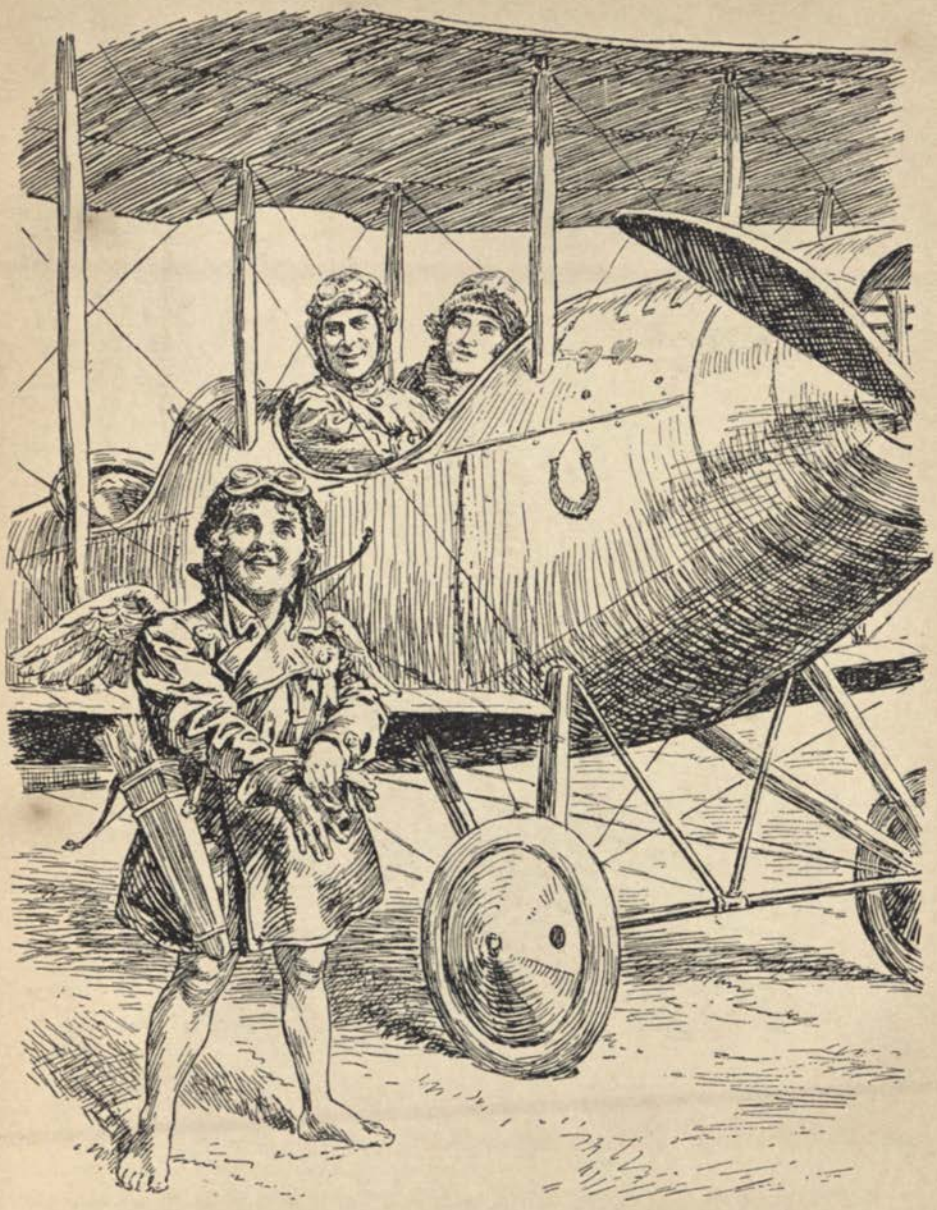


THE INDIGENTS ABROAD; OR, WHERE THE "RHEINGOLD" GOES TO

[Italy is reported to be teeming with plutocratic German tourists, all doing themselves very well.]

(*May 14, 1924*)

Irritation was increased by the report of lavish expenditure by Germans at pleasure resorts.



LOVE, THE PILOT

With Mr. Punch's most loyal good wishes to Group-Captain the Duke of York, R.A.F., and his Bride.

(*April 25, 1923*)

The Duke of York was married in April 1923.

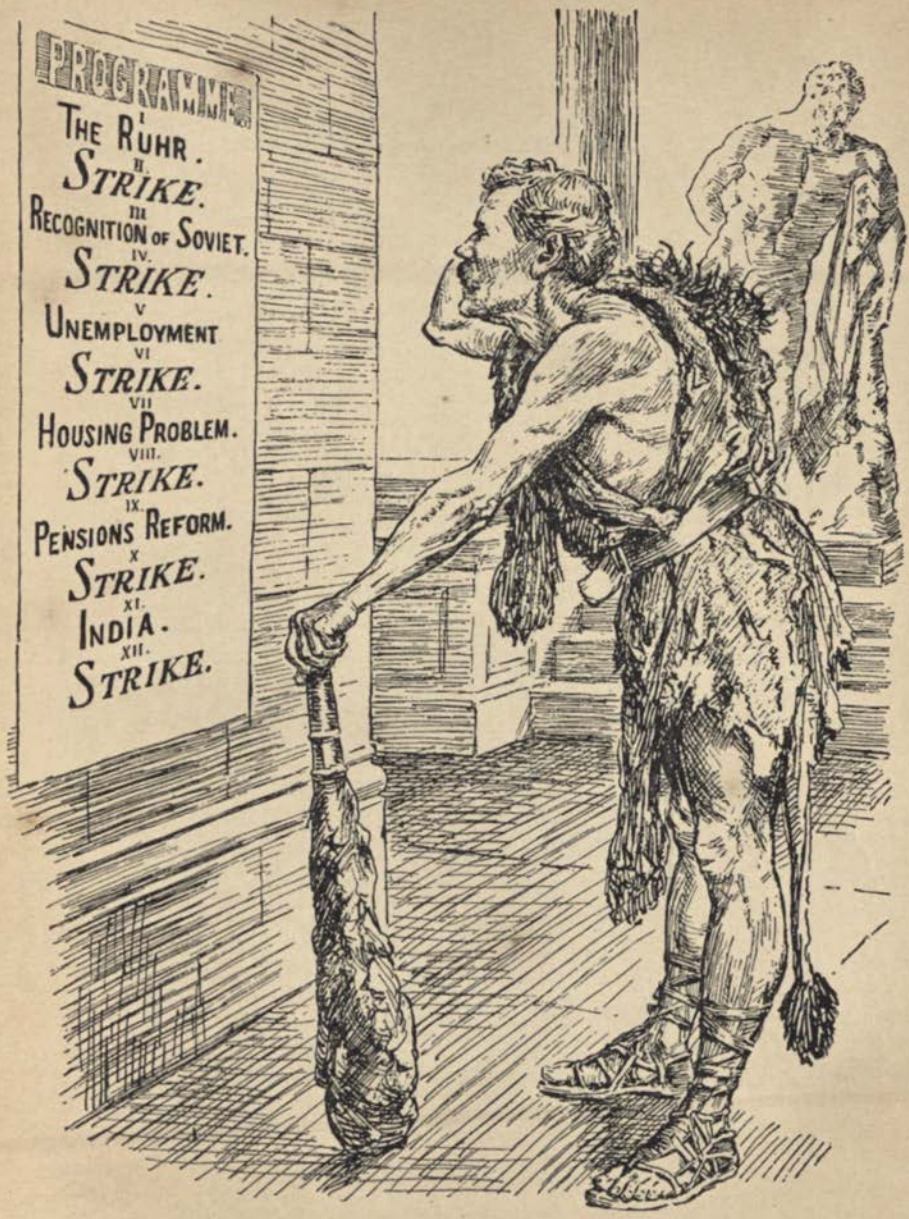
AN HEROIC REMEDY

DR. BALDWIN (*to patient suffering from acute unemployment*). "Now some doctors call this a very dangerous drug; but yours is an extreme case and calls for extreme measures."

PATIENT. "I don't care what it is, Guv'nor, so long as it cures me."

(*November 7, 1923*)

In November 1923 Mr. Baldwin suddenly appealed to the country to give him authority to introduce Protection. He was beaten at the polls. Labour was now the largest Party in the House of Commons.



THE LABOURS OF MACHERCULES

(February 6, 1924)

The new Prime Minister was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour Leader, who took office without a majority and with many difficult matters to settle.

A Complete Change

[The forthcoming meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva will be attended, for the first time in its history, by the British and French Prime Ministers.]

(*August 27, 1924*)

Labour did everything possible during its short tenure of office to strengthen the League of Nations. Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot are shown here.

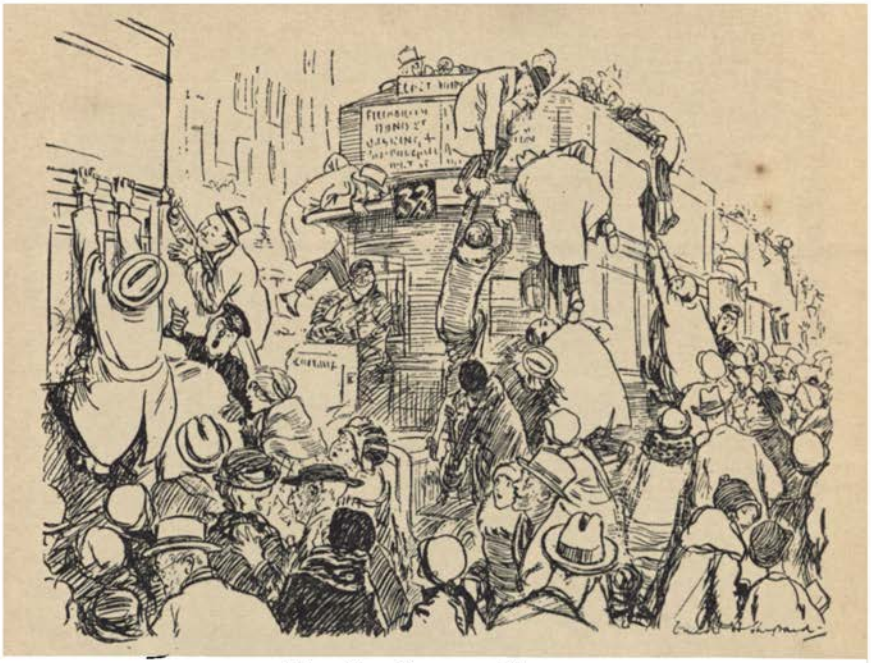
THE LION-FANCIER

THE SOVIET BEAR. "Nothing said about Bears! And I used to be so popular with the last man."

[Mr. Baldwin welcomed the Dominion High Commissioners at No. 10 last week, and discussed with them informally several important questions affecting the interests of the Empire. It is expected that similar meetings will be held regularly.]

(November 26, 1924)

In November there was another General Election and Labour was beaten largely on its friendly attitude towards Russia. Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister again.



THE CAT-BURGLAR VOGUE

(*December 31, 1924*)

A number of burglaries were committed in 1924 by thieves who climbed up to windows.

A few years after the appearance of the poem in page 182, Mr. Punch, still in derisory mood, related the consequences of his rebuke to the Duce:

On the Black List of the Black Shirts

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."—L'Inferno.

[According to the new Italian law, it appears that anybody, native or alien, who utters, or has ever uttered, inside Italy or outside it, any uncomplimentary remarks about the Government or its Head, is liable to be arrested and summarily tried in the Fascist courts.]

ABOVE Grimaldi's gorge by Pont St. Louis
A man of blood, too large to be defied,
Calls for the traveller's passport showing who he
May be and what he wants the other side,
His birth, his bulk, his facial composition;
And I, ere now, with innocent feet and fain,
Have entered Italy by his permission;
But I shall never pass that way again.

A lower ingress leads you to the "Ruddy Rocks" and a restaurant beside the shore,
Also a cave where earnest people study
Local remains of prehistoric yore;
And here from Menton I have made my entry
Into that sea-bound *cul-de-sac* to drain
A pot of tea by favour of the sentry;
But I shall never pass that way again.

For I have done derogatory verses
About the Dux; and, since upon my head
The Law has plastered retrospective curses,
I should be jailed at sight and come out dead;
For me 'tis writ, "*Lasciate ogni speranza*" (DANTE) upon the frontier, black and plain;
A bullet in my chest for every stanza!
No, I shall never pass that way again.

(*November 17, 1926*)

Mr. Punch had lamented, as we have seen, that conversation as it was understood by the 19th century had passed away. With it had passed the decorous, oratorical mode of proposing marriage. Young men and women, it was complained, now talked together almost entirely in slang:

The Question

1823

WHEN first I heard that Mr. William Grey
Had asked permission of Papa to speak,
I swooned; and poor Mamma sent him away
And said no more about it for a week.
But his affection stood the test of time,
He came again as ardent as before,
And couched his offer in a graceful rhyme,
Down on his knees upon the drawing-room floor.
His noble attitude! His manly air!
I told him "No!" again, but it was hard.
And then at last, observing his despair,
I felt myself assured of his regard.
"Dear Mr. William Grey," I murmured, "yes!"
And wept to think of my unworthiness.

1923

I met my old pal Billy yesterday
(I don't think you know Billy—he's a scream!)
At Oxford Circus, and he came my way
And helped me choose a hat, a perfect dream!
Then we passed Custard's, and he stopped and cried:
"Well, old bean, what about it?" pointing at
A monstrous wedding-cake he saw inside
(I'd never been proposed to *quite* like that.
One lives and learns). I hurried him away.
"We can't stand here," I said, "philandering
And talking sentimental tosh *all* day.
I might do worse . . . I'll think of it, old thing."
We went at once and looked for flats To Let,
And bought a saucepan and a wireless set.

WINTER SPORT IN RUSSIA

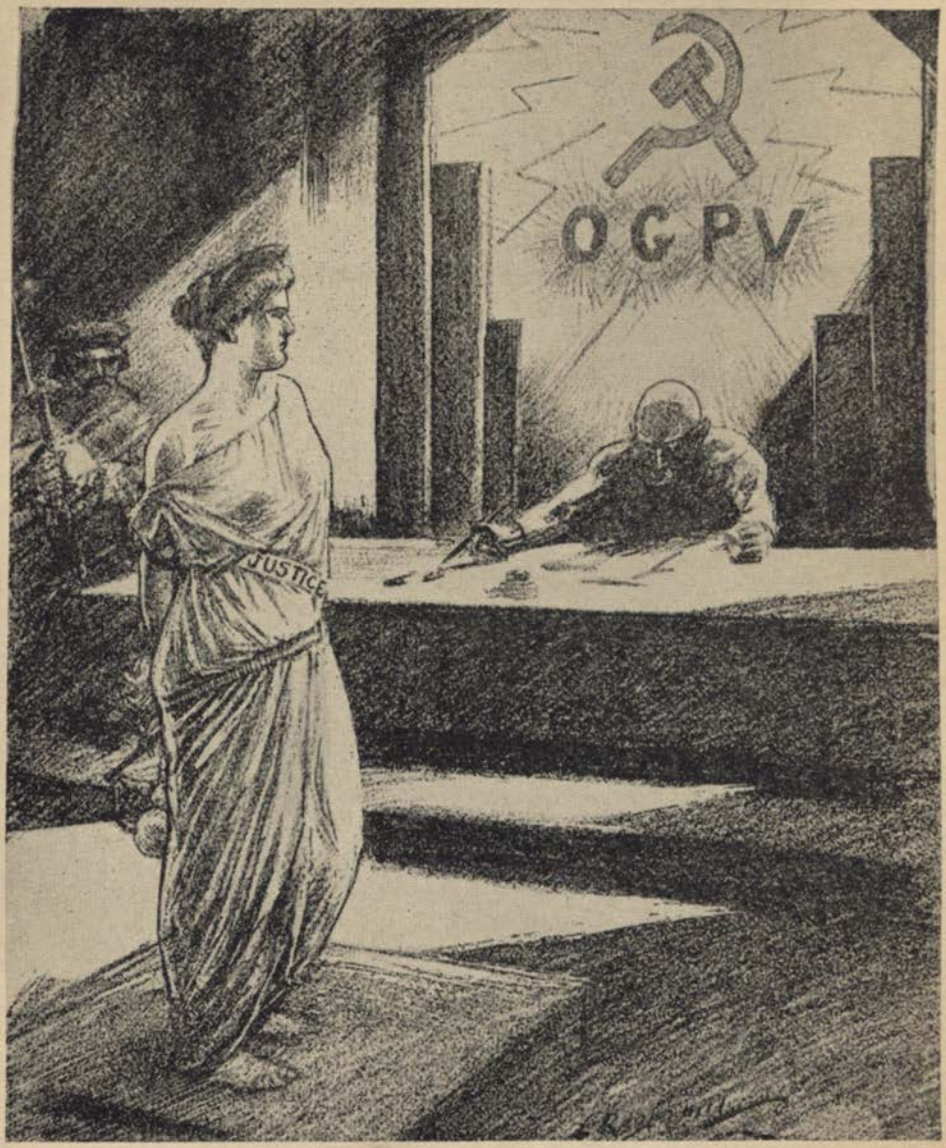
Tossing the Trotsky. (*January 28, 1925*)

Leon Trotsky was expelled from the Communist Party and exiled because he refused to move with the times.

MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSE

JOHN BULL. "Sorry, but I must ask you to go."
VISITOR FROM MOSCOW. "But I'm your guest!"
JOHN BULL. "Yes; but there are things that guests don't do; and you've done them." (*June 1, 1927*)

In 1927 the Russian Trade Delegation in Britain was told to go by Mr. Baldwin.



THE EXECUTION OF JUSTICE (SOVIET STYLE)

BOLSHEVIST JUDGE. "Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

(*December 10, 1930*)

THE VICTIM

RUSSIAN BEAR. "Talk about sabotage! I wish to Lenin somebody would come along and wreck *this* machine!" (*April 26, 1933*)

The death of Queen Alexandra in November 1925 drew from Mr. Punch an especially devoted tribute :

IN MEMORIAM

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra

Born 1844. Died November 20, 1925

SHE came, as from a vision or a dream,
Veiled, blossom-crowned and marvellously fair ;
Through the grey distance still we catch the gleam
Of golden dawn on her long shining hair.

Her beauty made the eyes of England fain,
And love leapt up to meet her as she passed—
The people's love, that like a deep refrain
Went with her and thrilled round her to the last.

For they who loved her under happy skies
Loved her not less when sorrow came with years ;
They saw with faithful understanding eyes
A purer light orbed in her falling tears.

They saw that in the changing shadows she
Walked changeless, through the years that left no trace ;
They deemed that Time itself paid fealty
To her, and could not mar her queenly grace.

The fabled healing of a royal touch
Seemed to abide in her compassionate hand ;
And hers it was, hers who had suffered much,
Not to love only, but to understand.

There was no wrong that left her spirit cold,
No sorrow greater than her heart was great ;
And her unwearying pity could enfold
With its wide wings all them that were desolate.

When we who mourn her passing lie with those
Who hailed her coming in the days that were,
In England's heart a never-fading rose
Of dear remembrance will be worn for her.

Hers is the one crown incorruptible now,
Now that light dies and the long day is done—
The crown that shines above her sleeping brow
Like the first star above the setting sun.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

The passing of Alexandra.

A League Triumph

With Mr. Punch's congratulations to the British Commissionaire.

(October 21, 1925)

The Treaty of Locarno was hailed as a notable step on the way towards real peace and Sir Austen Chamberlain got much of the credit for it.

AN APPEAL TO THE SUPREME COURT

M. BRIAND (*fresh from the Chamber of Deputies, to Mlle. Lenglen*). "Teach me, Suzanne, the secret of subduing stubborn Wills."

(*February 24, 1926*)

This was published in February 1926, when Mlle. Lenglen, the French Lawn Tennis Champion, was at the height of her fame.

THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER

LITTLE MISS PEACE. "Isn't it splendid? I've got fifteen—and I hope to get the rest."
(August 29, 1928)

Many other states signed the Kellogg Pact after this, but it was not regarded as having any real significance.

THE LEVER BREAKS

(*May 19, 1926*)

The strike of many trades, which did not become general, was held to be revolutionary in character. The Trade Union Congress asserted that it was merely intended to assist the coal miners.

In the year after Queen Alexandra's death the Miners' trouble and the support given to them by the other Trade Unions enforced attention, and Mr. Punch even found some

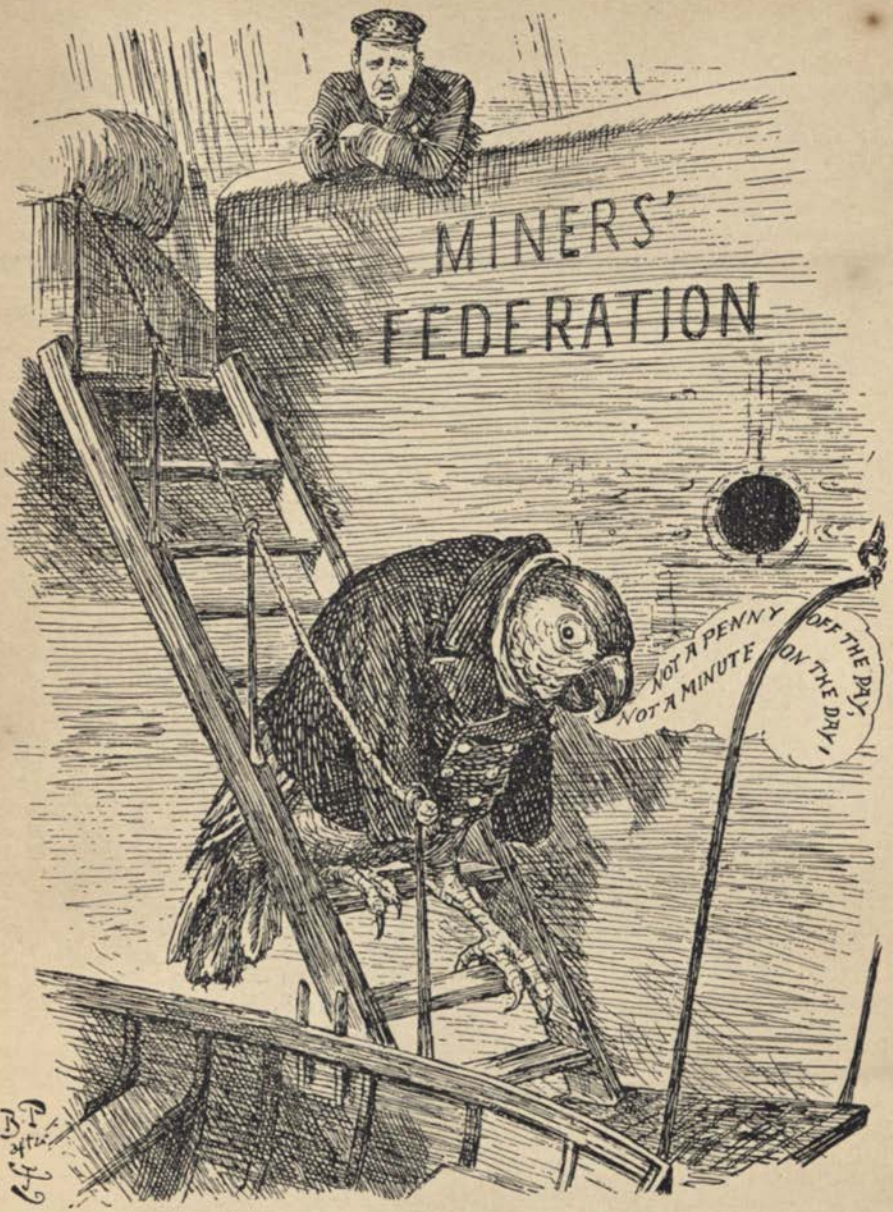
Bright Spots in the General Strike

WHEN those high gods, including Mr. Bevin,
Ordained a general strike, as swift as levin,
And said, " If means of locomotion stop
The fainting typist in her tracks will drop "
(Whereas she stumped it bravely, morn and night,
Or rode in cushioned transports of delight) ;
When Racing ceased beneath their awful nods
And Mr. Thomas couldn't take the odds,
Nay, at the worst, it seemed our railways' mascot
Might have to go without his Royal Ascot ;—
Thanks to the calm and courage of the Premier,

THE STRIKER'S RETURN

EMPLOYER. "Glad to see you back, my lad; but you'll understand that in the circumstances we can't run to a fatted calf." (*May 26, 1926*)

After a week the General Strike collapsed and conditions of labour were in many directions worse than before.



DROPPING THE PARROT

(August 25, 1926)

A parody of the famous cartoon which showed Bismarck being dropped by the young Kaiser Wilhelm II. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, was generally considered to have handled the affair badly.

And British phlegm, which day by day
grew phlegmier,
We common mortals, asking no reprieve,
Just carried on without the Olympians'
leave,
Until, remarking they had made a
blunder,
Reluctantly they stilled their nine days'
thunder.

Now everyone agrees we must eschew
All malice (as the Higher Clergy do) ;
Must not be bitter, no, nor even cross
About our trade's irreparable loss,
But cool our angry passions when they burn
Nor let the victims victimise in turn.

This view commands my very deep
respect,
With all the greater force when I reflect
That, while engaged in holding us to
ransom,
Their conduct showed (in parts) extremely
handsome.
For instance, when they launched their
Little War,
Barely disguising what the thing was for—
To break the nation's heart, if not its
head—
They kindly undertook to keep us fed ;
All needful food (and milk) they would
supply
So that we needn't actually die.
I say—and they themselves have freely
said it—
That this redounds to their enormous
credit.

And then again, when they cut off the
Press,
We were not left purblind to grope and
guess ;
Licence they gave "The British
Worker's" pen,
And had its stuff produced by Union men,
Lest in the dark hours Truth should lack
a taper,
Missing the beam of that impartial paper.

And, though we churlishly declined to take
These noble offers, made for Pity's sake,
Of food for body and mind, I here
convey
My sense of what we owe—and hope to
pay—
To those high gods, including Mr. Bevin
(Please forward from their late address in
Heaven).

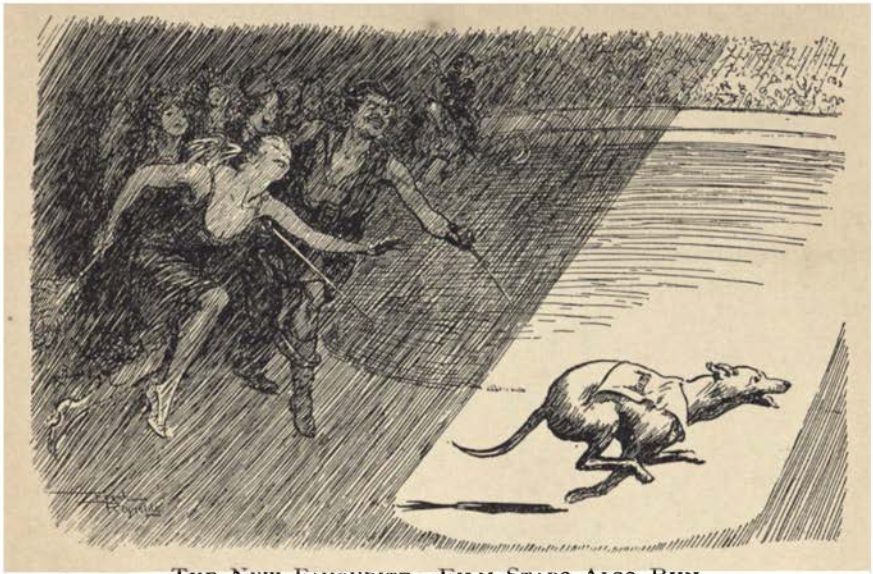
Still in 1928 were war-time restrictions being railed against, as in this

Ode Against Dora

As Keats might have written it (or possibly not).

THOU still unrivalled piece of foolishness,
Thou foster-child of Chance and Closing Time,
Monstrous absurdity, who hast the dress
Of male comedians in our pantomime—
What bead-fringed legend haunts about
thy shape
Of duty, or of decency, or both,
Dating from England in her hour of
war ?
What angry men are these ? What
maidens wroth ?
What mad desire to strangle us with
tape ?
What pipes unlit ? How many a
fast-closed door ?

Cooked articles are sold, but those uncooked
Are vetoed : therefore, ye soft tripes,
sell on.
Banana bunches, be ye not unhooked,
We may not buy hard fruits that have
no stone.
Bright youth, remember that there is not
leave



THE NEW FAVOURITE—FILM STARS ALSO RUN

["The Times," which has raised greyhound-racing to the dignity of treatment in a leader, thinks it probable that this sport "may even prove a serious rival to the cinema."] (*August 24, 1927*)

Dog-racing came into prominence in the year 1927.

To purchase sweetmeats when the sweets are there
At public entertainments such as this.
The hour is after eight; yet do not grieve,
Port-wine may be obtained to dope thy miss,
Though not the bon-bons that delight the fair.

O sloppy, sloppy land, that durst not shed
The old restrictions when the facts are new!
And sloppy Dora, still unweariéd,
For ever putting off thy last adieu!
More sloppy men, more sloppy, sloppy men,
For ever satisfied to feel annoyed
With lists of regulations long outstrung
Telling us how, and where, and why, and when,
That leave the diner-out perplexed and void,
The empty fag-case and the burning tongue.

Who are these coming to be sacrificed?
At what sad altar, O mysterious bane,
Must all our one-man shopkeepers hold tryst,
Their unpretentious windows dressed in vain?
What little town has never felt thy power,
The solemn tolling of the curfew bell,
The silent streets, heart-desolate and lorn?

"Hold That, John!"

UNCLE SAM. "Hello, Britisher, going in for film-making? Don't forget our old song. '*We've* got the sun, we've got the stars, an' we've got the money too.' "

JOHN BULL (*registering dogged determination*). "No matter; I'm going to have a try." (*March 23, 1927*)

The first serious attempts to establish a film industry in Britain were made about 1927.

FIFTY YEARS OF SPEED

(The Cyclists' Touring Club celebrated its Jubilee in August 1928.)

CYCLIST OF 1878. "Well, at any rate we could see something of England!"

And, little town, thy streets for many an hour
Will silent be, and not a soul to sell
Tobacco in them till to-morrow morn.

O Doric shape! Fair dottiness! With brede
Of senseless prohibitions overwrought
That tire the helpless public even to read,
Explaining when things may and mayn't be bought,
To all eternity. Old criminal!
I see thee still, grown wider in the waist,
In darker days, in days of deeper woe,
'Mid poor posterity to whom thou sayest
"Dora is life, life Dora"—that is all
The "Yes" we need on earth, and all the "No."

(January 18, 1928)

SO THIS IS "CRICKET"

[There are other things besides rain that spoil the game.]

(*August 20, 1930*)

Not Cricket. The beginning of a tendency which has become more and more marked and more and more deplorable.

THE "LEAGUE THEORY"

MR. PUNCH. "Come along, let's refer this little squabble to Geneva."

(January 25, 1933)

The quarrelsome spirit culminated in the bitter controversy, known as "the Leg Theory," which arose during the British cricketers' tour in Australia in 1933.

AUSTRALIA ADVANCES

KANGAROO (*to his hero*). "Hinkle, Hinkle, little star!
Sixteen days—and here you are!"

[With Mr. Punch's warm congratulations to Mr. Hinkler on his great solo performance.]

(*February 29, 1928*)

Bert Hinkler made a solo flight from London to Australia in sixteen days in 1928.

JOHNSONIANA

SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON (*to his namesake*). "Madam, though I never contemplated, and could never have approved, the idea of female volitation, I cannot but respect, and even admire, an achievement which has conferred new lustre on our patronymic."

MISS AMY JOHNSON. "Thank you very much. And now, Sir, let us take a' flight 'down Fleet Street.'" (*June 4, 1930*)

Miss Amy Johnson leaped into fame with her solo flight to Australia in 1930.

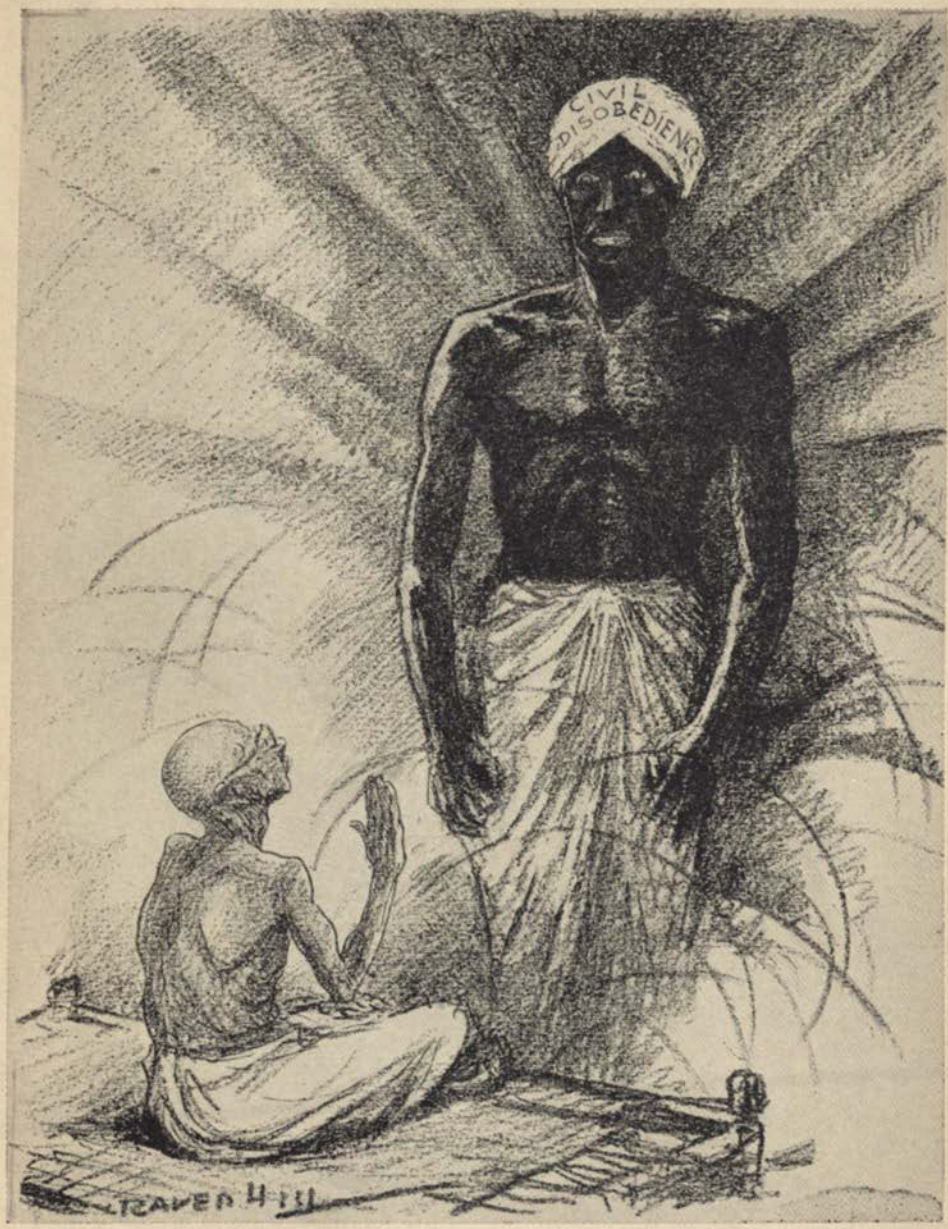
SHOULD A PATIENT ASK?

DR. SIMON. "Now don't be alarmed; this instrument is quite harmless. I merely want to sound you."

INDIAN PATIENT. "Well, why can't *I* have one of those ear-pieces and listen-in too?"

[The fact that the Statutory Commission which has been appointed, with Sir John Simon as Chairman, to inquire into Indian Reform includes no natives has been the subject of protest in India.] (*November 23, 1927*)

To Ireland as the perennial disturber of British politics succeeded India. Incessantly from the middle twenties of the century did the demand for independence make itself heard, as this and the three following cartoons show.



A Frankenstein of the East

GANDHI. "Remember—no violence; just disobedience."
GENIE. "And what if I disobey *you*?"

(*March 12, 1930*)

Western Magic

SIR SAMUEL HOARE. "You will see that this is no trick, but a true herb of grace, which we hope and believe will grow into a mighty tree."

(*January 4, 1933*)

HIS MORNING EXERCISE

The lone Ex-Minister upon his elephant.

[Mr. Winston Churchill—not without a large body of Conservative support in the country—continues to demonstrate his opposition to the policy of the National Government.]

(*March 8, 1933*)

A Nation's Vigil

(*December 19, 1928*)

The illness of King George in the winter of 1928 aroused great anxiety.

WELSH WIZARDRY—A REVIVAL

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL / MR. RUNCIMAN } "Old wizard, old wizard, whither so high?"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

(*March 13, 1929*)

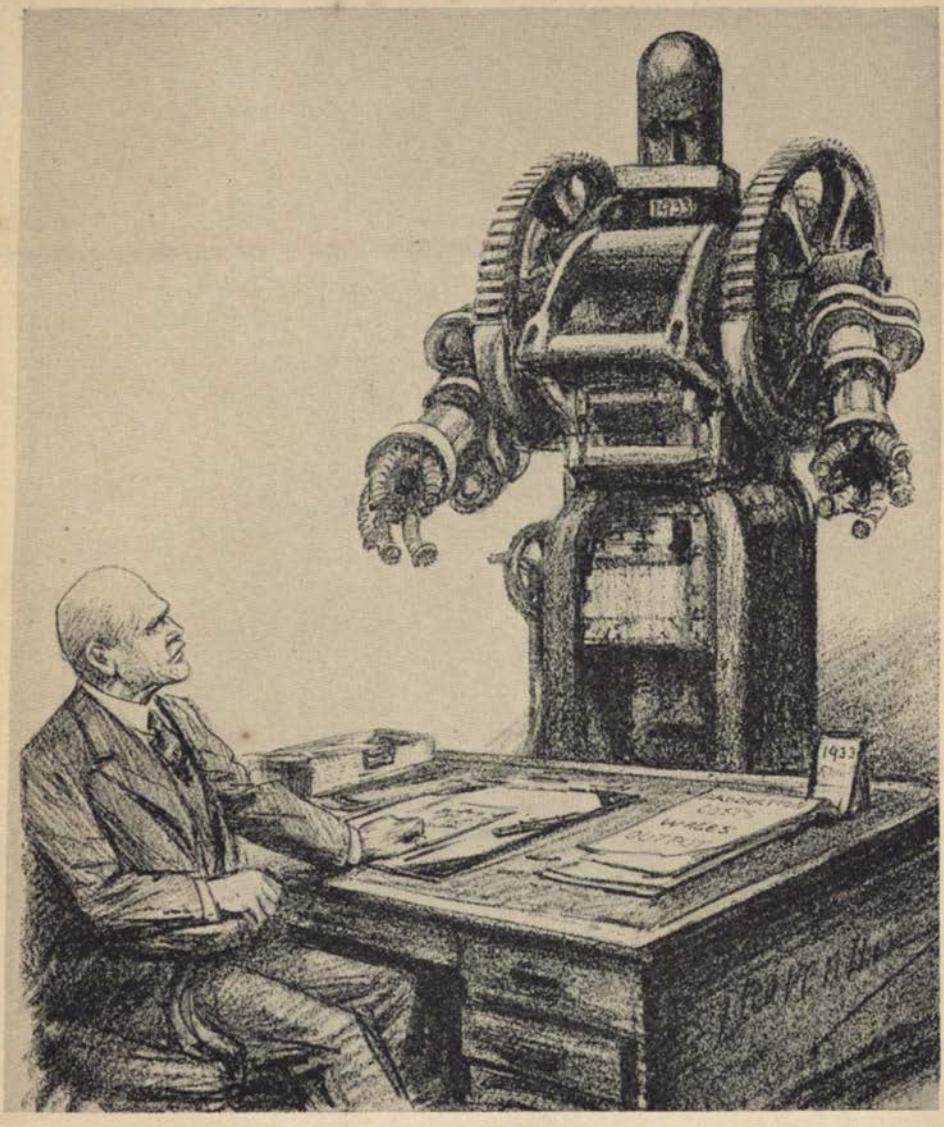
In 1928 a Lloyd George Liberal Scheme for large expenditure on public works was published. It came to nothing, however.

THE DAWN OF A DOUBT

BRITANNIA (*as Mrs. Micawber*). "I am almost beginning to think that the day is not very far distant when it may become necessary for me—though with extreme reluctance—to desert Mr. Micawber."

(*September 10, 1930*)

As a result of the failure of all other attempted remedies public opinion became more favourable to Protection.



THE SAVING OF LABOUR

THE ROBOT. "Master, I can do the work of fifty men."
EMPLOYER. "Yes, I know that, but *who is to support the fifty men?*"

(*January 18, 1933*)

A year after Protectionist measures had been adopted the problem was as pressing and perplexing as ever.

SINFONIA SOCIALISTICA

THE CONDUCTOR. "Now remember, please—*molto moderato*; at any rate for the first movement." (*June 19, 1929*)

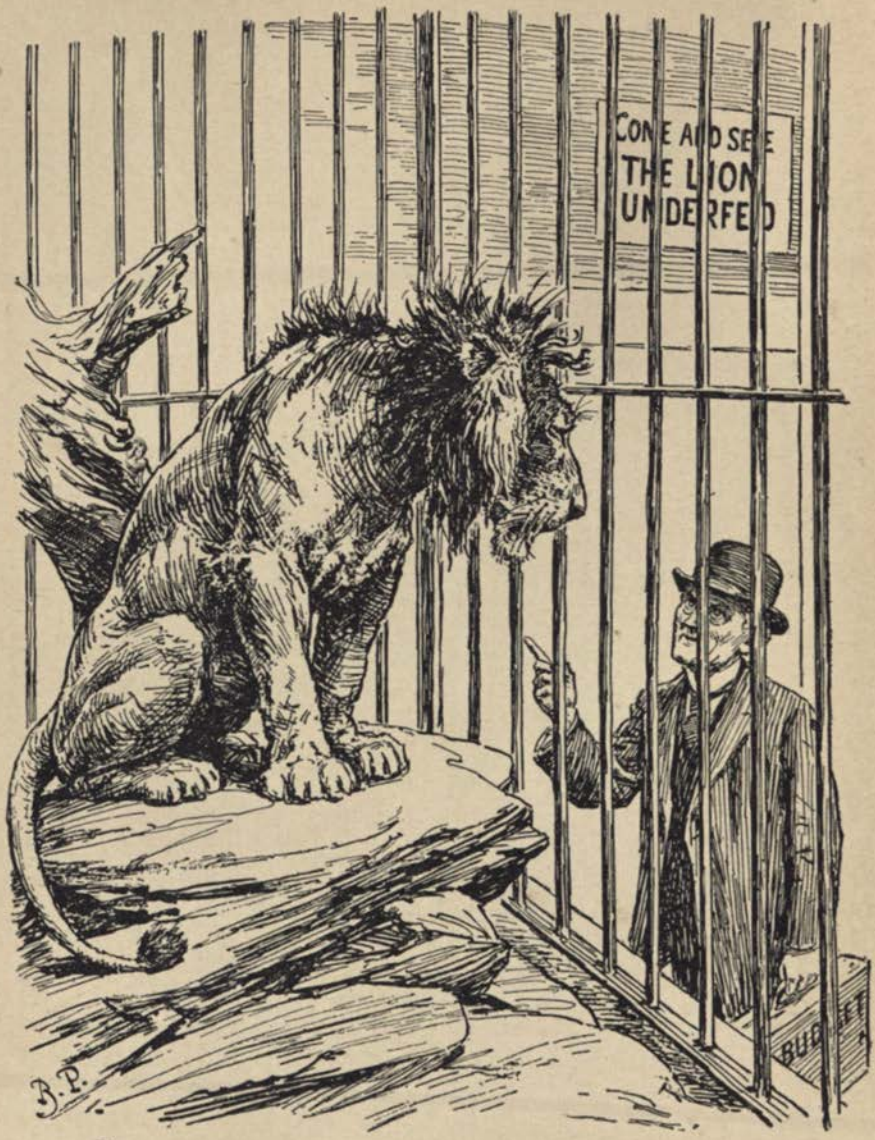
The General Election of 1929 gave the Labour Party the largest number of seats, though not a majority. Mr. MacDonald took office in June.

THE INDISPENSABLE

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN (*descending direct on the House of Commons*). "I can't afford time for landing at aerodromes. I 'm too busy. Everything depends on me."

(*July 17, 1929*)

Mr. MacDonald travelled by air, wherever it was possible to do so.



AT THE REPARATIONS CIRCUS

(The Hague: August 6, 1929.)

BRITISH LION. "Please, Sir, could you stop them monkeying with my ration?"
MR. SNOWDEN. "I shall certainly lodge a protest."

Mr. Snowden won great popularity by standing out at the Hague Conference against interference with the British share of such reparation payments as were being made.

R 101

HOMMAGE AUX MORTS

[In grateful recognition of the spontaneous sympathy shown by France in the hour of England's sorrow.] (*October 15, 1930*)

A giant airship with the Minister for Air (Lord Thomson) on board was wrecked with great loss of life on its first voyage in October 1930.

Another subject of lament with "Punch" was our dependence upon foreign sources for almost everything we ate, drank, wove and used:

A Patriotic Britisher's Day

BRIGHT and early Br-r-r-r-r went his American alarm-clock and woke him up. Sleepily he stirred himself and, lighting the gas-stove with a Japanese match, made himself a cup of China tea, and, as the milkman had not yet called, added a touch of Swiss milk and a piece of Cuban sugar.

Once out of bed, he shaved with an American safety-razor, brushed his teeth with a German toothbrush and American dental cream, and plunged into his bath, using an Arabian loofah and a Greek sponge to wash off the lather of his French soap.

Down to breakfast in good time, he enjoyed his Danish bacon and Chinese eggs, toast and Russian butter, washed down with a cup of Brazilian coffee sweetened with Cuban sugar.

Lighting an American cigarette with his Swiss lighter he put on his hat and pulled on his Czecho-Slovak gloves, and stepped into his French car, driven with Russian petrol and lubricated with Mexican oil, to the station to catch his train to Town.

Once arrived at his office, he opened the Norwegian door, stepped across the Turkish carpet to his American oak desk and sat down in his Belgian chair. Opening his letters, he telephoned for his Polish secretary, who came in and took down his replies with an Austrian pencil preparatory to writing them on an American machine with foreign carbons for the filing copies.

The morning quickly passed, and about one o'clock he went out to enjoy his Argentine steak, French vegetables and Californian fruit, followed by Dutch cheese, after stimulating his appetite with a glass of Spanish sherry brought to him by an obliging Swiss waiter in a Bohemian glass. After a satisfying meal and a glass of Lisbon port he lit a Havana cigar and started back to his office humming an American jazz tune and thinking out a good illustration of the admirable slogan, "Buy British."

On his way home he bought his wife a spray of flowers from the South of France to match her Parisian costume, as he had promised to take her to an Italian restaurant prior to going on to the Russian Ballet.

On their way home they called in at a Night Club, where they were regaled with an excellent supper beginning with caviare and ending with Californian grape-fruit ice, prepared by a French chef and washed down with German hock, enjoying the while the Cabaret show provided by Italian artistes backed by a Negro band, while smoking Egyptian cigarettes lit with Swedish matches.

And so home to bed, after an enjoyable day, still pondering over the importance of "Buying British."

(November 25, 1931)

BUEN VIAJE, AND A FAIR TRADE WIND!

With Mr. Punch's loyal good wishes to the Prince of Merchant Adventurers.
[The Prince of Wales has sailed for South America, where His Royal Highness is to open the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires.]

(*January 21, 1931*)

This was one of the Prince's many activities on behalf of British Trade.

A Timely Tribute

PRIME MINISTER (*sings*). "I've got a pal—a reg'lar out-an'-outer . . .
We've been together now eleven weeks,
An' it don't seem a day too much;
There ain't a statesman livin' in the land
As I'd swap for my dear old Dutch."

(*November 11, 1931*)

In the late summer of 1931 Mr. MacDonald resigned as Labour Prime Minister and formed a new Cabinet, containing Conservative, Liberal and Labour politicians, with Mr. Baldwin as his right-hand man.

CABINET SOLIDARITY

LORD MELBOURNE. "In my Cabinet the rule was that it didn't matter what we said so long as we all said the same thing."

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "Eh, mon! Nous avons changé tout cela!"

(*February 3, 1932*)

On the question of Protection members of the National Government agreed to differ.

A Chip off the New Block

REPUBLICAN SPAIN (*to British Foreign Secretary*). "It gives me much pleasure to be recognised by you."

CATALAN. "What about me?"

(*April 29, 1931*)

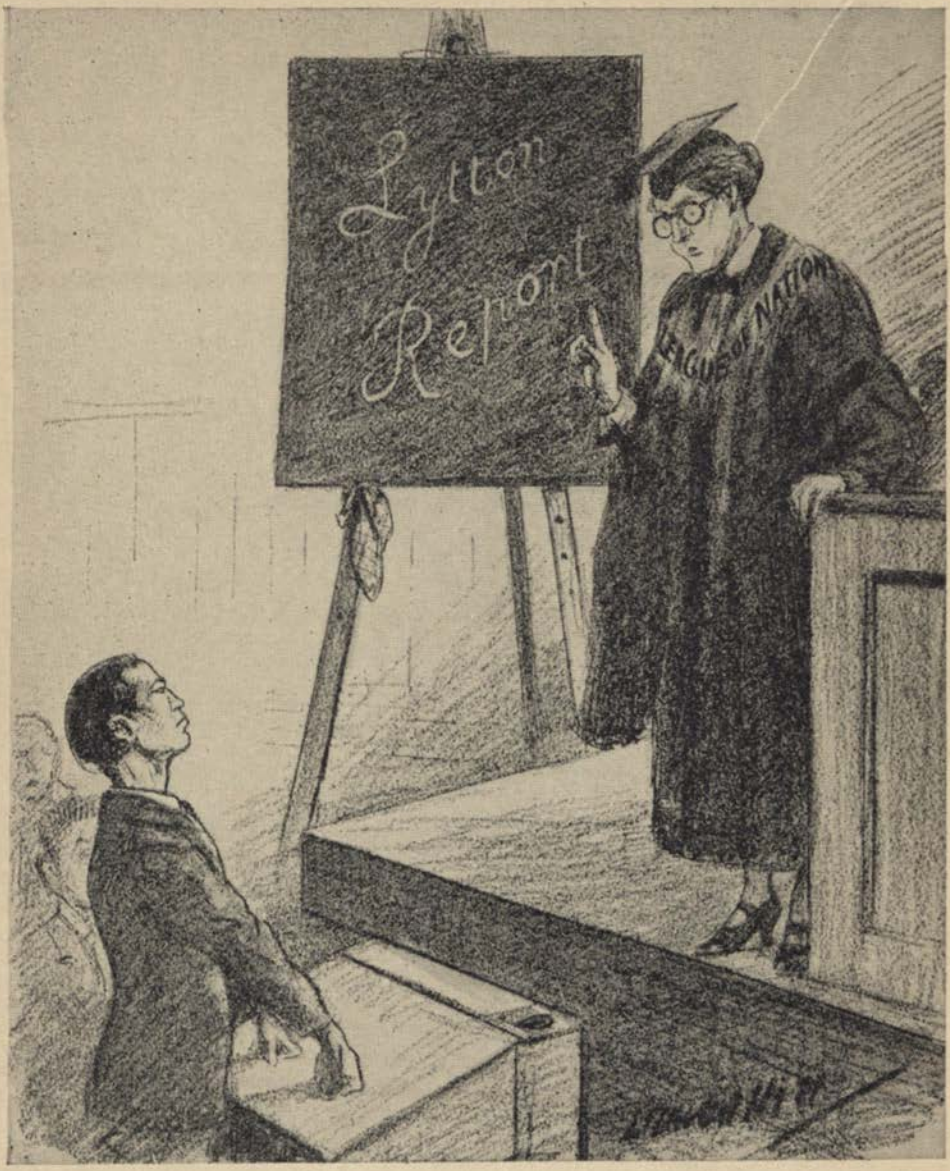
The Spanish monarchy was overturned in April 1931, the King and Queen fled, and a Republic was set up. Catalonia was later on given Home Rule.

A WORD FROM THE WEST

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM (*to Japan*). "While admitting that the provocation to honourable feelings may have been almost unbearable, we venture to submit that honourable retaliation has shocked Western humanity."

(*February 10, 1932*)

Japan's determination to control Manchuria and the Japanese attack on Chinese territory close to Shanghai outraged public opinion in Europe and America.



THE ULTIMATUM

JAPAN. "If you go on saying I'm naughty, I shall leave the class."

(*December 7, 1932*)

A League of Nations Commission made suggestions for a settlement on peaceful lines, but this had no effect on Japan.

OTTAWA-BOUND

MR. DE VALERA. "I owe it to my honour to cut the painter."
MR. THOMAS. "But I thought you wanted to get to the Empire Conference."
MR. DE VALERA. "I do that."
MR. THOMAS. "Well, you can't have it both ways." (*April 20, 1932*)

More trouble with Ireland was caused by Mr. de Valera's desire for a Republic and his refusal to pay over the money due on Britain's loans for Land Purchase. Ireland was represented at the Ottawa Conference in 1932.

THE TEMPORARY TRIANGLE

VON HINDENBURG AND VON PAPEN (*together*)—
"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
For he's a jolly good fe-el-low,
(*Aside:* "Confound him!")
AND SO SAY BOTH OF US!"

(*February 8, 1933*)

Hitler, the German Fascist leader, in 1933 was made Imperial Chancellor.

For some years the Lido of Venice was the fashionable resort of those who had both money and leisure, and it was there beach pyjamas came first into notice :

The Lid on the Lido

THE Lido is a happy isle ;
  Its banks are smooth and sunny ;
It always does the thing in style
  And costs a lot of money ;
For there Earth's beautiful and rich
  (Or both) combine to jostle ;
The bills attain their highest pitch,
  The taxes are colossal.

They would not all of them, one hears,
  Do much in beauty prizes ;
You'd find them various in years
  And equally in sizes ;
Not thus the Lido stands alone
  In Europe's panoramas,
But for the wide-flung passion shown
  For feminine pyjamas.

They wear them, though I'm told the heat
  Is moderate in Venice,
On all occasions, when at meat,
  For dancing, or at tennis ;
Those garments in their myriad hues
  Compose a glorious bouquet
Which fairly gives Palm Beach the blues
  And simply knocks Le Touquet.

A scene so radiant in its charm
  Should thaw the very sternest,
And in sheer opulence disarm
  Reform, however earnest ;
So glad a galaxy, a sight
  So unreserved and beany,
Ought somehow to elude a bite
  From Signor Mussolini.

But no. 'Tis said his ducal hand
  Intends to come down heavy
On that alluring strip of land
  And all its festive bevy ;
That, be their wishes what they may,
  Those maidens and their ma-mas,
When open to the light of day,
  Are not to wear pyjamas.

O Duce, pause before you strike !
  I beg you, don't be hasty ;
The articles that you dislike
  Are really rather tasty :
Think of the hotel-keepers too ;
  Think of the high-class drapers ;
And ponder on the harm you'd do
  To our Society papers.

Or, ere you stubbornly consign
  Those garments to effacement,
Couldn't you somehow draw a line
  At age, or at displacement ?
Spare, I entreat, the slim and straight,
  Whose charm should not be hidden ;
For those above a certain weight
  They well might be forbidden.

(June 5, 1929)

ON THE ROCKS

JOHN (*to Jonathan*). "My dear fellow, I ask you—*is* this the moment to ask me to hand over that debt!"

(*December 7, 1932*)

Towards the end of 1932 the difficulties in the way of international trade and the revival of prosperity became worse than ever.

NINETEEN YEARS AFTER

Will the Maniac break loose again?

(*March 1, 1933*)

All over Europe there was talk of war and of Germany's new preparations.

Another development of the time was the cruising holiday, which, as it was taken in a British ship, was not regarded, like other foreign travel, as " unpatriotic ":

Mediterranean Cruises

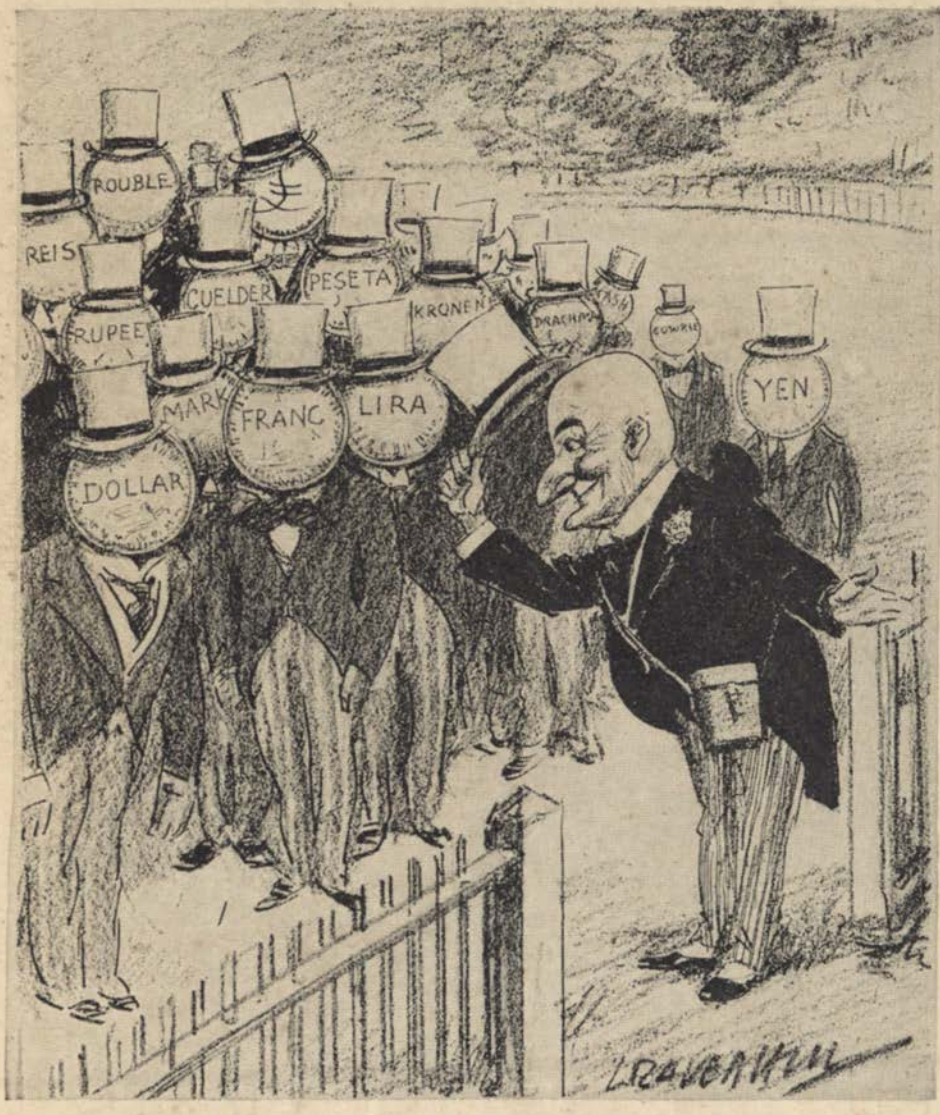
" OH, stay," the papers said, " and rest
Your head upon your country's breast !
Restrain the wicked lust to wander
Away from this fair isle and squander
In these depressed and stringent times
Your penury on foreign climes.
Desist from saying, ' Let me revel
Amid the balmy groves of Seville ' ;
Or else, ' There is no place like Rome ;
There would I seek a home from home ' ;
Or yet again, ' I want to go
And have a little golf at Pau.'
This craving—where's your sense of shame ?—
For scenes we hardly like to name,
And others even more exotic,
Seems to us most unpatriotic."

" How right ! " the nation's conscience cried ;
" Long have we nursed a natural pride
In those peculiar local graces
That stamp our British watering-places.
The piers, the donkeys and the bands
Which animate our native strands
Should satisfy the sorest need
Of any man of British breed.
But if there are who still incline
To taste a rarer anodyne,
Who feel a strong resistless urge
Under their waistcoats seethe and surge
For high adventure on the deep
At charges reasonably cheap,
Surely to such you'd not refuse
The pleasures of a sunny cruise,
Provided that they make it plain
That solely for their country's gain
They shed their earnings—those who've got 'em—
By sailing in a British bottom ?

" What if their liner calls at lots
Of absolutely alien spots ?
If at Stamboul the boat should park
Allowing time to disembark
And notice from a Turkish bus
How fine the view of Bosphorus ?
Or they descend at Naples and
An afternoon excursion's planned,
With choice of Italy's trains or mokes,
To where Vesuvius sits and smokes ?
Or if they set their fancy on
A ramble round the Parthenon,
And from Piræus their approach is
Made in Hellenic motor-coaches ?
Or at Tangier the schedule says,
' We've fixed you up for doing Fez,'
And Moorish camels foot the track,
Chartered to shift 'em there and back ?
What if the guide who runs the trip,
Conducting parties off the ship,
Must barter British money for
The coinage of a foreign shore,
So to discharge his obligation
For carriage and accommodation ?
What then ? Though these transactions may go
To swell the pouch of Moor or Dago,
Heretic Turk or hungry Greek,
Why should the travellers' conscience squeak ?
Enough that their inclusive fee
Went to a British company.

" Thus, while they tour in foreign parts,
They change their heaven but not their hearts,
Still constant to the love that spends
Its little all for British ends."

P.S.—In spite of the above remarks, their author is satisfied that these cruises on British liners constitute a permissible attraction for the most sensitive of patriots.



THE GOLD (STANDARD) CUP

MR. PUNCH (*to the Currency Delegates of the World*). "Gentlemen, you are fortunate. This is Ascot, one of our light-hearted English ways of settling all monetary problems and economic disputes."

(*June 14, 1933*)

An Economic Conference met in London in the summer of 1933, but nothing was accomplished by it.

THE MODERN HOME

"But, my dear, why the table?" (*August 9, 1933*)

The taste of the 1930's often showed an affectation of simplicity and sparseness carried to the extreme; nothing but straight lines and angles was permissible in the best circles.

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